OUR READERS ARE ALL MANLY MEN

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 10. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING JANUARY 9, 1909. ONE PENNY.

OATINE

FOR MEN AFTER SHAVING

It has been said that a man's temperament day by day depends upon the condition of his razor. This may be, or may not be so, but the condition of his face after shaving certainly depends on the razor, and it is a fact that, never mind how fine a condition the razor may be in, the after-effect of shaving is a soreness and chapping of lips and face. This, unfortunately, cannot be avoided, but it can be minimised to such an extent that it is hardly noticeable by the use of good shaving soap, such as either the **Oatine Shaving Cream** (in tubes) or the **Oatine Shaving Stick**, both of which are British made and most carefully prepared for the purpose, the cream giving a heavy and the stick a lighter, close-lying lather, but being alike in this, that both give a free, smooth, lasting and agreeable lather that will not dry on the face. If you have not tried either of the **Oatine Soaps** for shaving, do so without delay.

Oatine Talcum Powder sprinkled on a towel and wiped over the face will be found to be very soothing when the skin is at all tender.

To relieve the irritation caused by shaving there is nothing so effective as **Oatine Cream**, which possesses special healing properties; it should be applied immediately after shaving, and should be gently rubbed into the skin, or, better still, rubbed into the beard overnight or before the morning shave. This has the effect of softening the beard in a most astonishing manner, rendering shaving far easier and simpler than it is in the ordinary way.

FREE SAMPLES

of **Oatine Cream**, **Oatine Talcum Powder**, and **Oatine Soap** will be sent to all applicants, together with a copy of our booklet, or send 3d. for a box containing samples of eight different preparations.

OATINE FOR LADIES.

The Real Beautifier.

The secret of what is often called perennial youth is found in the care of the skin, and nothing will assist you more in this than the use of **Oatine**, which gets down into the pores and clears away the grime embedded there. **Oatine** is made from the pure healing essence of the finest oats, and is free from chemicals or animal fats. It removes blemishes, and makes the skin soft and velvety. Men find it invaluable after shaving for relieving irritation, which even the best razors cause.

Washing with oatmeal water was the old method of preserving the complexion. **Oatine** is better—more efficacious—more active.

Oatine renders the complexion bright, fresh, and healthy looking, without the artificial aid of cosmetics. For roughness or soreness of the skin it is invaluable.

Of all Chemists, 1s. 3d. a jar; or larger size, holding four times as much, 2s. 6d. Save the Coupon from each jar—it represents cash.

FREE SAMPLES.

OUR OFFER.—On request we will send you a FREE SAMPLE of any one of the **Oatine** preparations, and copy of our Booklet, "Beauty Hints," or for 3d. in stamps we will send you a box containing samples of OATINE CREAM, BALM, FACE POWDER, SOAP, TALCUM POWDER, TOOTH PASTE, SOAP IN TUBES, and KYLETS.

THE OATINE CO., 79, DENMAN STREET, LONDON, S.E.

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Doctor and Patient Discover Cure for Catarrh.

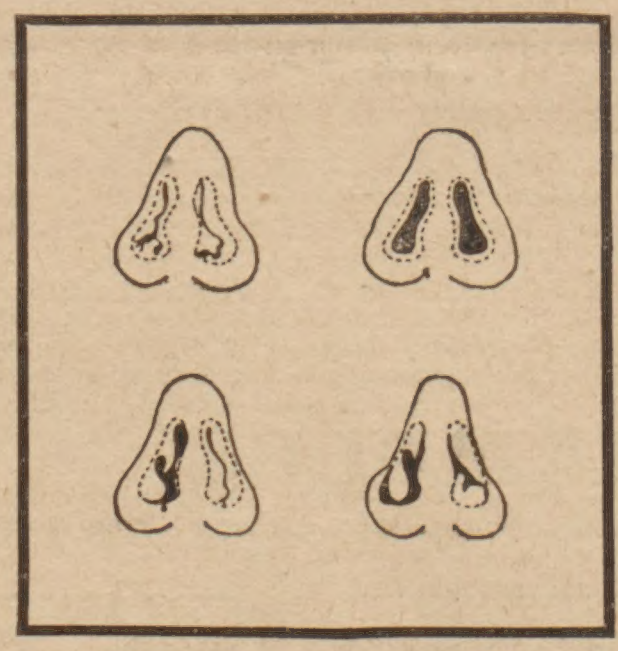
DISCOVERY OF METHOD OF FREEING THE AIR-PASSAGES THAT RENDERS CONTINUANCE OF THIS HITHERTO INCURABLE COMPLAINT IMPOSSIBLE.

Great success is attending the new cure for Catarrh.

It is interesting to note that the cure is the joint discovery of a doctor and his patient, between whom there was a bond of mutual sympathy and interest developed by reason of the fact that both suffered from Catarrh. The patient's case was the worse of the two. Indeed, the patient's lungs were beginning to be seriously affected, and, what with the constant coughing and spitting, and the difficulty of breathing, his life became a struggle for breath itself.

The doctor's own personal interest in the treatment of Catarrh led him to try this, that, and the other thing, but all without avail, and the patient's own case steadily grew worse.

It is significant that the medical man confined his search to the domain of drugs—such is the power of one's special training. The only thing that seemed to benefit the patient was a balsamic and antiseptic compound. The latter's influence, however, was negative rather than positive. It relieved, but did not cure.



Specimens of Anatomical Illustrations of the Book on Respiratory Re-Education.

BOOK BY THE DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENT.

One morning the doctor was astonished to receive an early visit from his patient while at breakfast.

"What!" said the doctor, "have you found a cure for your and my Catarrh?"

"Yes, I believe I have," said the patient-visitor.

"Yes; I, too, believe you have," declared the doctor, after hearing his patient's account of his discovery.

Now, the whole story of the discovery and the physiological "reason why" are set forth in a treatise which the doctor and his patient have together compiled and published for the benefit of other Catarrh-afflicted members of the public.

Doctor and patient have only just published their joint treatise. First, the doctor wanted to try the discovery on himself. He did, and he quickly got well. Even then the conservatively scientific mind of the doctor (much as he wished to believe the discovery to be the long-awaited cure for Catarrh) raised doubts and fears in regard to the discovery, especially as to whether it would cure all other Catarrh sufferers as well as one or two.

The cured and sanguine patient was all for publishing the good news at once. A single swallow was the sign of summer to him; but the doctor, while not sceptical, preferred to wait for further evidence of the curative power of the discovery. Accordingly the cure was tried by friends of patient and doctor alike. Each searched the highways and byways of his acquaintanceship for Catarrh-affected persons, and one after the other, men and women of all ages, they all quickly got rid of their Catarrh.

A PHYSIOLOGICAL CURE.

The doctor is even now writing a technical treatise for the benefit of his professional brethren, and no doubt would have felt it his duty to confine his knowledge within ethical limits. He realised, however, that the important part played in the discovery by a layman renders it impossible for him to act in any professionally selfish spirit towards the public.

Hence, the book just published is offered to any member of the public who has reason to wish for knowledge of how to cure his or her Catarrh, whether it be simple post-nasal Catarrh, or the more seriously advanced stages where the ears and hearing, or the lungs and breathing, are affected. It is curious, too, to note that the treatment is an absolute cure for "snoring."

"Respiratory Re-Education: A Cure for Catarrh," is the title of this book, a copy of which will be sent free of cost and post free to all who apply for it to The Authors, "Respiratory Re-Education," 20, Rhycol Building, 129, Fleet Street, London, E C.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 10. WEEK ENDING JANUARY 9TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

DEALING IN YOUR LETTERS.

What force cannot effect fraud shall devise.—CRASHAW.

We have imported many shady business practices from America, but none worse than the new trade that has sprung up of dealing in private letters.

5s. per 1,000 is the price paid by certain firms for old letters, and it says very little for our commercial morality than they are able to obtain an unending supply from shopkeepers and those houses which do the bulk of their business by post.

Sometimes these harpies get their letters direct by advertising some claptrap competition in which you are invited to "send no money." The letters so obtained however, are not so good as the other kind, for they emanate from poorer people.

The object of the letter buyer in getting your signature is that he may attach it to the corner of a circular which he will eventually send you. Thus he gives the impression that you have dealt with him before, or perhaps that an unknown friend is in the business and is putting you in the way of securing a bargain.

Whatever the psychological process may be, it is undoubted that these firms are doing a gigantic amount of business.

There is just one way of stamping out the practice effectually.

It is not sufficient merely to disregard their circulars and throw them in the fire; you should detach your signature, enclose the circular in an envelope, re-address it to the firm and post it without a stamp.

Twopence a time teaches them a lesson.

This may seem drastic treatment, but the form of advertising is not honest. It endeavours to sell you something under false pretences.

Dealers in the more expensive kinds of patent medicines greedily buy up letters from the afflicted and the gullible. A few years ago a notorious "institute for the deaf" was exposed and broken up.

The men who had already made fortunes out of it sold the letters of their victims, amounting to over 12,000, to another "specialist," who promptly circularised all the gulls of the first firm, assuring them that, though others had failed to cure them, he would succeed.

There is no means of finding out what was paid per dozen for these letters, but probably the price was not less than £3,000 for the lot, for the alleged cure is now being sold at four guineas to each victim.

The vast amount which each individual mug is made to fork out, makes it worth while for such a firm to pay heavy prices for suitable names and addresses, and it is to be regretted that many chemists make it a regular practice to inform these companies of all likely people amongst their customers.

Besides such purchases these firms have a regular system of exchanging addresses, and, if you are once foolish enough to undergo a deaf cure or some other fake, you will be inundated by persuasive letters from quacks and rogues of every type.

G. BANKS.

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CHEEK.

It isn't safe to ask any of the Harmsworth people "How are you off for soap?"

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"Success in Advertising" is the title of a new book by big advertisers. We are disappointed to find, however, that there are no contributions from Mr. H—ll C——n—, Miss M—r—e C—r—ll—, the Rev. R. J. C—m—b—ll, or General B—d—n-P—w—ll.

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There have been plenty of "breezes" in the Bottomley case, but so far, thank goodness, no "wheezes" from the Bench.

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Miss Kuhn is to be married to Mr. Paul Roos, the captain of the famous "Springboks" football team. Her life should be roses, and many of them!

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A medical paper declares that turkey followed by mince-pie form a combination to be recommended by the physician. We wonder whether the advice is altogether disinterested.

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Mr. Geo. R. Sims' latest booklet is entitled "The Devil in London." What the devil was he doing there? Making food for our "London Hell" series, of course.

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"Only Scotchmen need apply," says the *Review of Reviews*, "seems to be written up over most of the highest offices alike in Church and State." We bet no Scotsman wrote it. (This is a Scotch joke.)

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The *Review of Reviews* has been collecting statistics of the number of hours celebrities sleep. Oddly enough, many of them take the time-honoured allowance for a fool.

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A father recently wrote to us, asking how he could apprentice his son to football or cricket, as these seemed to be the most paying professions nowadays. Our advice to him is to let the boy play as an amateur. He'll make far more that way.

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We are sorry to hear that Mr. Punch is going to make an exhibition of himself.

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Votes for Women welcomes Miss Christabel Pankhurst as "Child of Destiny." We always thought she was Mrs. Pankhurst's offspring. It is a wise child, etc.

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The London County Council are very charitable—at other people's expense.

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There has been trouble between the artistes and management at the New York Opera House, and Signor Caruso has been called in as peacemaker. It is hoped he will nip the trouble in the bud.

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More taxes! Now then, all together, singing: "Oh, *what* a happy land is England!"

NORMAN FRASER.

HAZING.

As cruel as a schoolboy.—TENNYSON.

The ordeals through which a freshman at an American university has to go, have no parallel in this country. Not very long ago a young student at Kenyon College in Iowa wished to join the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, one of the university secret societies. His initiation consisted of a nerve test. He was bound on the down track of a railway, and informed that when the express came past he was to get up.

His tormentors knew the timetables very well, and knew that no train was scheduled to pass on this track for some hours; there was, however, a train billed to pass on the other track, and, until it was actually past him, the victim would imagine that it was going to cut him to pieces.

Presently a headlight shone in the distance. The other students, seated at the top of the embankment, grinned to one another, in the belief that this was the train which they knew should pass about that time on the up-track. But they were wrong. This was a special train running on the down-track, and before they had realised their error it had mangled the body of their unhappy victim.

The university authorities endeavoured to support the students in their assertion at the inquest that the deceased must have fallen asleep on the line, but the coroner was a man of shrewdness, and he observed that the ankles and wrists of the victim were cut as if he had struggled to release himself from bonds. The authorities, however, would give him no support in his investigations, and the matter had to fall through.

One of the most revolting schemes of the hazer, and yet one of the most humorous, is the following. The victim is shown a red hot iron with which he is informed his back is to be branded. He is then blindfolded and a piece of ice is placed on his back, while some raw beef is seared with the iron to give off the smell of burning flesh.

In most cases the victim writhes in agony, and in some even faints away.

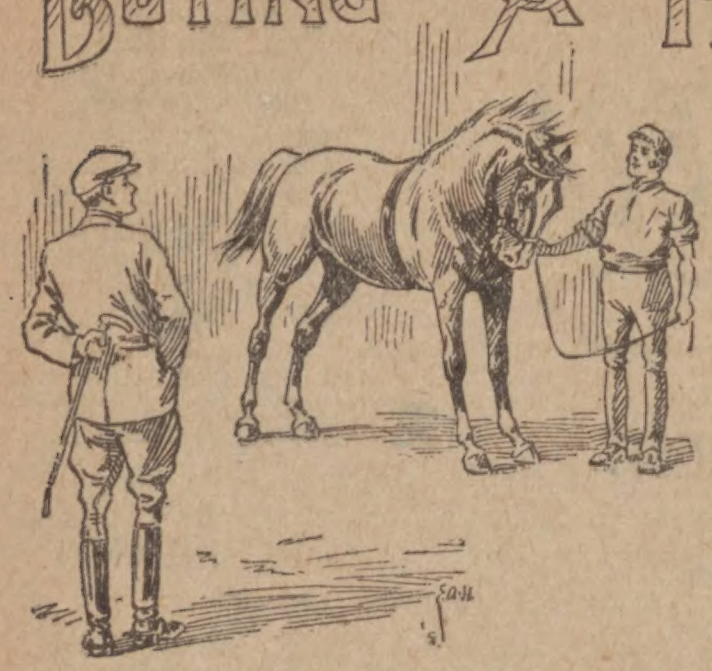
The tramway car plays a leading part in many of the tests to which aspirants to fraternity honours are subjected. A student will be ordered to go into a car and request each lady in turn to move along just a little. Then, mounting the seat beside her, he ardently kisses any advertising picture in which the face of a pretty girl appears.

A young Englishman who joined Harvard University was made to gallop on an old white horse out to Concord, along the road which the famous Paul Revere had taken. To everyone he met he had to yell, "the British are coming." The spectators were highly amused.

Toasting—that is, trussing a student and placing him in front of a roaring fire till his skin blisters—is common in most American universities. In one case the victim in his struggles fell into the fire and was seriously disfigured for life. In another death from erysipelas resulted.

B. R. MATHISON.

BUYING A HORSE.



Possession means to sit astride of the world.—KINGSLEY.

It would be easy to be cynical and to repeat to those who are thinking of buying a horse, Mr. Punch's famous advice to those about to be married—don't! And, indeed, horse-buying is quite as great a lottery as marriage, and it is as difficult to judge how a horse will turn out as it is to determine how your adored is likely to behave when she becomes yours.

However, to use a Yankee expression, cynics never "cut any ice," and I don't want to start by discouraging you, the young man I have in my mind's eye, who find yourself in a position to gratify a long-cherished ambition to own a horse.

By a "horse" I don't mean a race-horse, a 300 guinea hunter or an equally expensive polo pony, but an inexpensive bit of horseflesh that can be used for ordinary riding or driving, or preferably both. Further, I assume that you are not an absolute greenhorn; that you have ridden a bit; that you can tell a horse's age, so far as it can be told, from his teeth, and that you know the principal parts of his anatomy.

WITH A WARRANTY—AND WITHOUT.

Now there are two ways of buying a horse: the one is to buy him under an absolute warranty and to take the further precaution of having that warranty confirmed by a veterinary surgeon, the other is to trust to your own judgment, and buy him with such a general warranty as "quiet to ride and drive," or just as a "horse."

If, as I hope, you are a bit of a sportsman, the latter course will probably appeal to you more strongly than the former, and I assume you will adopt it.

Now you can go horse-buying either among the dealers and sale-rings, or privately through the medium of the advertisement columns of such papers as the "Field." There is not much in it, but possibly the latter course is the better of the two, as you will stand a better chance of picking up a bargain privately than in the sale-rings, where anything good is pretty sure to be snapped up by the knowing ones.

AVOID TOO MUCH SHOW.

At the same time, you can buy a horse anywhere, and the best are often found in the most unlikely places—a big race winner has been picked off a cab-rank before now.

Well, at last the horse or the horses are before you; and the first point to remember is not to expect too much for your money, and the next not to go in too much for a "showy" animal.

It has been truly said that "a good horse is never a bad colour," but so long as the gee is not of a hue to make every other beast shy at him, colour doesn't matter very much.

The first consideration should be your comfort, and having, of course, satisfied yourself that the horse stands true on his feet all round, and does not show any obvious signs of viciousness, look to his shoulders and pasterns. Are they sloping? If not, then he will be most uncomfortable to ride, and you need go no further with your examination. On the other hand, if you want him for harness only, the shoulders, though they should by no means be straight, need not be so sloping, while, of course, if you are going to ride and also drive him you want something between the two.

But for comfort in a saddle horse, let me insist again on the importance of the slanting shoulder and the oblique pastern.

TRYING HIM.

The next move is to try him. The length and thoroughness of the trial must depend upon circumstances, but, if possible, for a saddle horse give him a good sharp trot on a hard road, and then a gallop on soft ground. This should at least enable you to judge his paces, his soundness of wind, and to some extent of limb.

For harness a more extended trial is desirable, and he should be well tried up and down a hill and be taken past the things that horses are most apt to shy at.

I should have mentioned that in trying him you will, of course, pay particular attention to his mouth, as your comfort, indeed your safety, depends on his having a good mouth. A hard-mouthed brute is a nuisance and a danger.

Now comes the vet's turn, but you are going to be your own vet, and the best thing you can do is to commend yourself to the cherub who watches over amateur horse-buyers, assuming there is one, and go ahead.

For, if the seller is a rogue, he will have no difficulty in planting on you an unsound horse whose hidden defects even a good judge might find it difficult to detect.

IMPORTANCE OF THE FEET.

However, you can at least avoid being "stuck" with an obviously unsound animal, and having, of course, ascertained that his legs are straight, his knees unbroken, and that he suffers from no such obvious defect as a sore back, pay particular attention to his feet.

Pick up each foot in turn, examine it carefully for any signs of malformation or cracks, and smell the frog. If it is sweet and clean—well and good. If malodorous, then there is thrush or other disease, and you had better be very, very careful.

Finally, run a pin or something sharp across the frog; if the horse does not start then he is suffering from navicular disease, and have nothing more to do with him.

Next take the legs, and run your hand down each one from just below the knee to the fetlock joint. The leg should be cool. Heat, of course, indicates inflammation of some kind. It should be flat, for, if rounded and fleshy, probably the back sinews are strained, and you don't want that horse. Finally, it should be clean; that is, free from bony enlargements and splints. Your fingers should soon discover these.

WHEN SPLINTS ARE DANGEROUS.

Splints are not necessarily a fatal objection. If the splint is on the bone and not very close to the knee it need never impair the horse's usefulness; on the other hand, if it is on or near the ligaments or tendons of the leg, call the deal "off."

Still, if a rogue has made up his mind to sell you an unsound horse, he will probably succeed in doing so, and you will discover that it is much easier to buy a bad horse than to sell him.

But never mind. It is all in the great game of horse-dealing, and some day you may have the luck to pick up a real good horse for "a song," though it is probable you will have done a lot of doleful whistling over bad bargains before you do.

I have bought a horse with a warranty and had to sell him at a perfectly "ruinous sacrifice." On the other hand I have bought a horse just as plain "horse," and made money on him, and the pleasure of the latter achievement far more than compensated for the bitterness of the former.

As I say, it's all in the game.

EDWARD HADDEN.

BORES.

So sweetly mawkish and so smoothly dull.—POPE.

There is no known cure for the bore; the only thing you can do is to avoid him; but this is not always easy, for the bore exercises great ingenuity in the accomplishment of his nefarious purposes.

He is, perhaps, an angling bore, and he has told you endless stories of his alleged skill with the rod. You know what to expect, and you give him as wide a berth as possible.

Some day, however, he asks you to come round and have a game of cards at his house. Two others, personal friends of yours, are coming, and you feel certain of a good time, for you are fond of cards. So you promise to go.

When you get there you are informed that the others have failed to turn up, and you are victimised into listening to uninteresting stories for the rest of the evening.

The literary bore is one of the worst.

"Oh, what would Hazlitt have said if he had been here!" he will exclaim with fervour.

Possibly you never read Hazlitt, and you may take it for a fact that the bore knows mighty little about him except his name.

Still you are irritated, for the remark was obviously made to draw you out. The bore wanted you to say: "Who was Hazlitt?" Then indeed you would have suffered, for he would have lectured you for an hour on the beauties of literature, and would have expressed repeated wonder that you could enjoy life without knowing anything about his pet author.

As a matter of fact the world would have gone on all right without Hazlitt, and it most certainly would go on a good deal better without the literary bore.

One of the most hateful types is the teller of plots. He is a great reader of stories and books, and he recounts to you the plot of each one he has recently read. Now to tell a two-page story rightly, requires just two pages; otherwise it would not occupy that space.

But the bore is certain he can tell you all that matters in about five minutes. The story may have been a model, but his boiled-down version makes you feel a distaste for all literature. It is as if a man produced a horse's tooth from his pocket and asked you to picture the noble racer to which it had once belonged.

The teller of plots has at least this merit. His discourse about the hero and the heroine and the villain and villainess, is so uninteresting that your mind is free to think of something more entertaining.

This is not so with the bore who tells funny stories. You cannot help listening to him, because you keep on wondering whether he is going to dish up the chestnut in the form you already know it.

Chestnuts the funny story bore inevitably deals in, for he is so busy telling stories that he has no time to listen to new ones.

The sporting bore selects as a victim someone who knows little or nothing about his special department of physical effort; the golf fiend hates to talk to another golf fiend, because he would be constantly interrupted, and would have to listen half the time.

He therefore fixes on some harmless individual who does not know enough about the game to be able to trip him up when he draws the long bow.

Perhaps his victim shows in his face signs of the acute boredom he feels. That matters not to the bore; he is merciless. The only way to stop him is to drop dead or fall asleep.

I do not as a rule encourage a policy of revenge, but in the case of bores I am inclined to make an exception.

Bores should be exterminated, or at least given acute pain for their many sins, and I have devised a method to accomplish it.

Let every reader introduce one bore to another bore, and leave them to fight it out. No one is more sensitive to boredom than a bore, and each will have the hottest time of his life.

VICTOR HARTINGTON.

THE BORROWED YACHT.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

By J. M. CHAMBERS.

"Venus," said Mr. Hartley Trench to his bulldog, "it is not a bit of good worrying over poverty. In fact I have done too much in that line already, and I feel run down. We must have a yachting trip to set our livers straight."

The bulldog laid her fore feet on his leg and twisted herself round till she scratched her face against his knee. It was her usual manner of indicating her complete acquiescence to a suggestion.

When Mr. Trench presented himself at the office of the yacht agent, that intelligent and discriminating gentleman smiled in his blandest manner. Mr. Trench had through all his difficulties kept his clothes in good condition, and it is surprising what an air of prosperity is lent to a man by a handsome—or hideous, according to opinion—bulldog trotting at his heels.

He would, he said, require a yacht for six months.

It was very unusual, as the agent explained, for any one to charter a yacht for such a protracted period, but he thought that perhaps he knew one owner who would not be requiring his vessel for that time. This was none other than Mr. John P. Clogg, an American millionaire who suffered from the common American complaint, indigestion, who was consequently a very bad sailor, and who, again consequently, scarcely ever set foot on the useful little vessel which had cost him so much to build.

The agent would wire to Mr. Clogg and make inquiries, but when an idea came to Hartley Trench it was his habit to carry it immediately to fruition—delay spoilt the pleasure of a thing so much—and he extracted from the agent the information that Mr. Clogg had gone down for the week-end to Fowey. He was assured that, although the yacht was berthed there, there was no danger of his finding the owner in residence upon it.

Hartley Trench expended the bulk of his remaining capital upon a first-class ticket to Fowey. There were advantages in travelling first-class, the chief being that Mr. Trench liked comfort and another that Venus could go beneath the seat without a ticket and not be observed, for first-class seats are rather lower than third, and their passengers are less likely to be suspected by interfering railway officials.

At the big hotel the millionaire was unearthed; and he proved very anxious to meet Mr. Trench in the making of arrangements.

Mr. Trench suggested that he should first be allowed a trial trip "just to see how she moves, you know," and he agreed to pay the usual price of £2 per ton per month if her going met his views.

Mr. Clogg was impressed by the prosperous appearance of Venus and agreed to the proposal without hesitation. In fact he personally conducted Trench to the quayside and introduced him to the yacht skipper.

The dog and the man stepped aboard, a brief order was given, and a quarter of an hour later Mr. Clogg had the satisfaction of seeing his yacht vanishing in the mist seaward.

Mr. Hartley Trench spent the afternoon at the yacht's helm as it made its leisurely way eastwards. The sun was dipping when he reached Looe, but Mr. Trench showed no inclination to return. On the contrary, he informed the skipper that they would anchor there for the night. He also took it upon himself to bestow half-a-crown upon each of the crew and to request them to drink his health ashore. He himself would keep watch.

As soon as the men had departed in the direction of West Looe, Trench lowered the other boat and rowed himself to East Looe at the other side of the bay. In a public-house here he discovered, as he expected, several young fishermen who in the summer months made their livelihood as sailors on yachts. His costume proclaimed him to be a yachtsman, and, when he announced that he was on the outlook for a crew, he had five times as many applications as vacancies.

By nine o'clock he and his fresh crew were installed on the yacht, and, just as the last man was scrambling aboard, Trench observed the other boat with the owner's crew pushing off from the opposite shore. Anchor was weighed and the yacht once more set its course to the east.

The theft of a yacht is not an easy thing if the owner's crew is in possession, but with their removal the thing is childishly simple.

In the morning they berthed at Plymouth, where Mr. Trench and the bulldog paid sundry visits to the better class shops. By afternoon all the available space in the yacht was taken up with choice provisions and cases of champagne. He informed the tradesmen that he purposed staying in Plymouth harbour for some days, but, forgetfully, he sailed away that evening.

The next week was one of unalloyed bliss. Never was owner on such excellent terms with his crew. Trench fed his men on the choicest morsels and regaled them with champagne, while in the evening he had the piano carried up from the cabin to the deck, and he played upon it and sang for their delectation the beautiful Scotch melodies which his nurse had taught him as a child.

Mr. Trench's cheeks, beaten by the weather, were beginning to glow; the bulldog's coat was distinctly glossier; the crew were having what one of them vulgarly described as a fat time.

But all good things come to an end, and the first symptom of trouble was a remark which Mr. Trench overheard one of the men make to another.

"The grub's right enough, and there ain't much work," said the grumbler, "but where's our blooming money? That's what I want to know. We've been here a week and we ain't touched brass."

Mr. Trench was very tactful. On the following morning the yacht touched at Bournemouth, and he purchased several valuable chronometers and other instruments used by sailormen. He had no knowledge as to how matters stood ashore, but he felt that delay might be dangerous, so he bore his booty with him back to the yacht; needless to say it had not been paid for.

It was evening when he arrived at Portsmouth, and under cover of darkness he carried the chronometers to a pawnshop and returned to the crew with more than enough money to meet all arrears.

He lay that night amongst the great grey hulls of the warships anchored in Spithead. In the morning he was off again, past Sandown and Ventnor and in the late afternoon he was level with the Needles.

His doubling back was a diplomatic move, for it was probable that the Bournemouth police had wired to the coastguards ahead the direction of his course; but even diplomatic tactics are sometimes upset. His were.

On rounding the Needles he almost collided with a torpedo-boat destroyer, and that the meeting was not accidental was proved by the fact that the warship signalled to him to lay to. It is very useful to pretend that you don't know the meaning of signals; Mr. Trench bobbed his flag up and down by way of a salute and turned up the Solent towards Lymington. He knew that the entrance to the harbour there was impossible for a vessel of heavy draught.

The commander of the destroyer was apparently a good-tempered person, for he followed the yacht and contented himself with signalling threats instead of sending a shot through her rigging. At the entrance of the long narrow channel that leads to Lymington, Trench dropped anchor and waited till the destroyer came alongside.

"Can't you read signals?" shouted an angry voice. "We've been telling you to stop. You've got to let us take you in tow back to Portsmouth, because you've stolen that yacht."

"Come and take me," said Mr. Trench.

It was his intention to lie there till darkness fell and then steal away, but his acquaintance with war vessels was limited, and he forgot that, though the destroyer could not approach, its boats could readily do so; in less than ten minutes after his utterance of this challenge, Mr. Trench had been captured by some able-bodied tars and conveyed on board the destroyer.

"Glad to see you," said the commander with a grim smile, "we don't like having to do this dirty policing work, and we hope to put you to as little inconvenience as possible till the morning, when the Portsmouth police will come aboard for you."

This was a good beginning, and Mr. Trench worked it up very well. He was obviously a gentleman, and there was always the chance that some mistake had been made. The officers disliked taking orders from the shore police, and, by way of signifying this fact, they invited their prisoner to dine with them.

He charmed them at table with his fund of anecdote and afterwards he sang to them the Scotch melodies already referred to. By the end of the evening he and the officers were fast friends, but apparently he was exhausted with the anxieties of that day, and he asked permission to retire to his cabin early.

The officers remained for some time longer discussing the wonderful man whom it had been their painful duty to lay by the heels. A youngster suggested that he must be innocent, but the lieutenant, who had met many rogues, shook his head gravely. He was still shaking it when the sound of a shot echoed along the passage, and the men leapt to their feet.

"By heaven!" cried the lieutenant. "He has shot himself!"

And, surely enough, the stinking reek of powder was curling from beneath the door of the prisoner's cabin. The door itself was locked. They sent for the carpenter, and after five minutes' work he forced the lock and they entered.

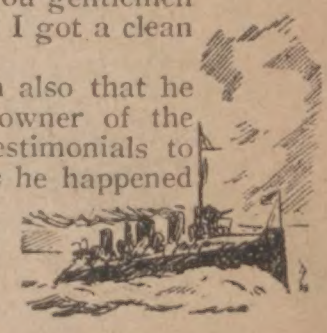
Suspended to the roof by a piece of string was a revolver, and attached to the trigger was another piece of string the end of which passed through the porthole. There was no sign of the prisoner.

In a moment the lieutenant was on deck, but Mr. Hartley Trench was not there.

Far away the faint plash of an oar could be heard through the darkness. By this time the man must be almost at the quayside. It was perfectly useless to follow him.

"Permit me to thank you for your hospitality," ran the letter which the lieutenant received next morning from Mr. Hartley Trench. "When I saw that the porthole of my cabin was directly above the ladder and that a string from it could easily be jerked by a man descending, I devised the little scheme by which I kept you gentlemen out of the way for five minutes till I got a clean start."

It was characteristic of the man also that he sent a very polite letter to the owner of the yacht, and extremely flattering testimonials to all the tradesmen whose addresses he happened to have kept.



RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

VIBRATION.

I have already expounded at some length the principles of tension as applied to physical development, and I have further exercises to give in connection with it; but I should like to direct your attention also to vibration.

In tensing you simply put up a muscle to its greatest height and keep it hard for so many seconds—and a splendid effect the exercise has. Some, however, have not the knack of tensing a muscle, and seem unable to acquire it; to them in particular, but also to all athletes, I would recommend vibration.

Put yourself in different poses and make your muscles hard and relaxed alternately and very rapidly. You can do it readily with the arms by clenching and unclenching the hands; when you have learnt this you will find it easy to make the leg muscles vibrate in similar fashion.

This system does not do a great deal towards increasing the size of a muscle, but it makes the muscle healthy and ready to be affected by the more strenuous exercises which I expound.

FOR THIGHS AND BACK.

Take the position indicated in the illustration, the weight of your body resting on your left hand and on the side of your left foot. Place the right hand on the waist and rest the right foot lightly upon the left.

A first-rate exercise for all who want to be able to cycle long distances.

Now raise the right leg as high as possible, keeping the knee perfectly stiff, and maintaining the rest of the body in exactly the position indicated in the picture.

Repeat from five to ten times, and then reverse the exercise, this time resting on the right hand and foot and lifting the left leg.

I know of no exercise which will so rapidly develop the muscles of the thigh and back. You might ask what the back muscles had to do with this exercise, but, if you lift your foot high enough, you will readily perceive the strain that is placed upon them.

BELTS AND ATHLETICS.

The custom of wearing a belt during athletic exercises is now in many quarters giving place to the more convenient elastic tape sewn into the top of the knickers.

A broad web belt is apparently of considerable advantage to the wearer when he is undergoing severe muscular strain. The reason is that it supports the abdomen, the muscles of which are, as a rule, the weakest of the whole body.

The man, therefore, who takes exercise spasmodically—as for instance he who rides a horse once a week—will find a belt of some advantage. But the physical culturist will be well-advised to dispense with one of anything beyond the common width during his exercises.

The wide belt, by exerting pressure over the abdomen, takes the place of the muscles which ought to be developed there, and, their place being already filled, these muscles show small inclination to develop as they otherwise would do.

Against the belt as a means of suspending the trousers or knickers during exercise, there is nothing to be said, for it leaves the shoulders free, but the physical culturist will be wise to have it just tight enough not to slip over the hips.

Anything beyond this greatly hampers the development of the abdominal muscles, which receive far too little attention as it is. They play an important part in the general health and well-being, and nothing should stand in the way of their growth.

SUPPLING.

Perhaps the only drawback to having large muscles is that they have a tendency to become stiff, and their owner finds himself what is commonly called muscle-bound. His movements are slower than they were, and though he finds his increased strength extremely useful in all sports, he laments his lost speed.

To slacken out the muscles after exercise.

This loss of muscular elasticity can readily be prevented if this exercise is practised once a day.

Stand at attention. Now swing the body round as far as possible to the left and then to the right. The feet must be kept immovable all the time and the heels must not be allowed to part company. All the movement is to be from the thigh and body muscles. The arms are to dangle loosely down and swing as the body takes them.

The exercise should be repeated ten times, and should be done easily and without any infusion of vim. Remember that this is not intended to promote development but to prevent the loss of easy movement which your growing muscles may otherwise entail.

A CAUTION.

I have observed in several physical culture enthusiasts a tendency to develop one set of muscles and to neglect all others.

If a man wants to brag about his physical development, it is generally his forearm or his biceps that he exhibits. Hence some students concentrate all their attention on the increasing of these muscles.

This is a great mistake. Each week I endeavour to select the exercises so that each applies to a different part of the body, and I want my readers to practise all these exercises and not one or two. If you have a huge biceps it means nothing; but, if you are well-developed all over, it means sound health and an increased pleasure in life.

ARMS AND LEGS TOGETHER.

Stand at attention. Then, keeping your toes on the same spots, bend your knees forwards and outwards till you almost sit down on your heels. As you go down, place the palms of your hands together and plunge them out in front of you; they should be as far forward as they can get just when you are as low as possible.

This exercise is equal to swimming and horse-riding combined.

Now straighten the knees so as to bring the body up again; as it rises, separate the hands and sweep the arms back as if you were breasting a stiff current.

Turn your hands as if you were driving the water behind you, and have the backs of them facing forward when you regain the erect position and have your arms outstretched.

If done slowly this exercise will develop the thighs and calves of your legs to a marvellous degree; it will also benefit your shoulder and arm muscles and open up your chest. It is a particularly useful preparation for cycling or swimming.

There is no possible chance of straining yourself here, so I recommend you to put into it as much vim as you can. Go at it till you sweat.

FAKED FEATS.

STRONG MEN'S WEAK POINTS.

The commonest deception played by music-hall athletes upon their audiences is the substitution of dummy weights, although the performer is quite capable of lifting the genuine article.

Suppose that a strong man can lift with one hand a weight of 360lbs. To do this genuinely every night, and sometimes twice a night, would impose a very severe strain upon him, and so he has the shot removed from the bar-bell and its weight brought down to well under 100lbs. The audience can see no difference and are just as well satisfied. If there is any danger of a challenge being sprung by some spectator, the bar-bell is shotted up to its full weight.

The deception does no harm, and saves the man; you can't call him a fraud.

One of the most popular of our present day strong men owes his rise to fame to the exploitation of the trick when it was played by the then champion.

The great athlete was using a very light bar-bell, though it was labelled as being an astonishing number of pounds, when suddenly there leapt upon the stage a young foreigner, who was then a waiter. He seized the bar-bell and swung it above his head, following this feat by doing the same with another.

It is doubtful whether at that time he would actually have been able to raise the real weights, but the audience supposed he had accomplished it and he received a gigantic advertisement which was the start of a brilliant music-hall career. The man he had defeated got into trouble with the police shortly afterwards and was thus removed from the path of the new star.

The man who snaps a heavy iron chain by a blow of the hand, uses a chain made of cast iron, which has been subjected to a process of freezing. It is thus rendered so brittle that, though it rattles with all the sound of genuine iron, you could almost break it by giving it a sharp tap with a child's hammer.

One of the most impressive feats is that where the strong man balances himself on trestles and allows a rock to be smashed upon his chest.

In this case the rock is perfectly genuine, but across his chest is placed a sheet of iron with the edges higher than the centre and supported on inflated rubber cushions. The centre of the rock rests over the hole in the middle, and, being thus unsupported, snaps very easily. The blow is slight, and what there is of it is absorbed by the pneumatic cushions, so that the strong man feels nothing at all.

So light is the blow required that the strong man frequently makes the smashing of a rock with his unprotected fist part of his performance, taking care that it is supported at the ends only. This is a trick anyone can do with a little practice.

Another favourite game is where the athlete spreads himself on hands and feet so that his chest makes a platform. Above him is laid a cushion, and on it rests a plank on which half a dozen men seat themselves. They get on very gingerly as if they felt certain the strong man must collapse, and his manager flutters about with the greatest anxiety, but there is small danger and less effort.

Owing to the position of his arms and legs, the bones form a pedestal for the plank to rest upon and the muscular strain is very slight.

In the same way a man, having placed himself on a couple of high parallel bars, has an attachment fitted across his shoulders supporting a platform beneath. On this platform a horse is made to step, and the feat seems marvellous. The only muscular effort needed is to keep the arms stiff. So long as they are straight, the weight is transmitted down the bones to the parallel bars. For the strong man to lower himself till his arms were bent and then raise himself up, straightening them and thus lifting the horse, would be a feat worth watching; but he doesn't do it.

W. CORNWALL.

YOUR TRADE MARK.

Read books and men.—STEPNEY.

"That fellow is a policeman in plain clothes," remarked a detective to the writer.

"Do you know him personally?" was asked.

"Never saw him before," was the reply. "You can always tell a plain clothes man by the way he stands; he doesn't stand to attention like a soldier, neither does he slouch like the average civilian. His style is a sort of compromise between them.

"Then again you might have noticed the way he looked at us. He appeared not to see us at all till we were within a yard of him; then he made a searching examination of our faces from the corner of his eye just as we passed him. He'll have to get out of these little tricks if he's ever going to be a full-blown detective.

"I can generally tell you any man's trade from these little mannerisms. You see it's my business to study such things.

"The clerk you can often pick out by a little trick he has of putting things behind his ear. He will place an unlit cigarette or even a match there instead of putting them in his pocket. This is, of course, due to his usually carrying his pen in that position.

"You can observe this any time.

"A sailor may be known by his hands. He is so much accustomed to climbing rope ladders and hauling cables, that the gripping muscles become over-developed, and tend to draw in the fingers even when the hands are at rest.

"On the back of them, too, you will generally find the marks of old salt cracks.

"Moreover he has a trick of constantly hitching up his trousers, even when he is dressed in ordinary clothes and not in the garb of his calling.

"An old soldier is difficult to recognise, unless you speak to him. Then he stands to attention in front of you, answers you smartly and doesn't let his eyes wander as a civilian would do.

"Once I had the very unpleasant task of tracking down a deserter. I spotted the man I thought was the right one; he was dressed like a navvy, but as soon as I spoke to him he sprang to attention, and I knew he had been a soldier.

"The barber can usually be told by his long hair and his liking for oils and pomades. Even when he wants to disguise himself, and cuts his hair short, you find that he still keeps it glossy with some sort of grease.

"Blacksmiths wear a frown that won't come off. They are constantly beating red-hot iron, and instinctively they lower their eyebrows to protect their eyes from the flying sparks. Very often, too, you find that their eyesight is bad. These characteristics are not enough to prove that a man is a smith, but they are often helpful when combined with other circumstances.

"Talking of eyesight I once tripped up a watchmaker through that. These men have very fine sight and can read type that another man would require a magnifying glass for.

"I had followed my suspect, whom I knew to have been a watchmaker at one time, into a public house. I had not yet secured enough evidence to prove the man's identity, but I was anxious to arrest him at once if he were the wanted person, as I had heard he intended to bolt. So I showed him a miniature copy which one of the weekly papers had issued as a supplement, and asked if he could read it.

"The type was much too small for the average person, but he could manage all right. I arrested him there and then, and he subsequently confessed.

"Then there is a whole list of trades that slightly deform those who live by them. The carpenter has his right shoulder higher than his left, because he saws only with his right arm. The jockey and the groom have bowed legs. The 'bus driver has the inside of his fingers flattened with the reins. The wire-worker's hands are rough as files.

"Yes," he concluded, "we don't always need to be told a man's trade to know what it is."

C.V. KISTLER.

SPORTING STORIES

A BLANK NIGHT.

The burglar stole softly up the stair, and presently he stopped to extract from his stockinged feet some tacks which the servant had carelessly left about. Having passed some remarks on the servant problem, he crept stealthily along the passage, entered the open door of a room and concealed himself beneath the bed. He stilled the beating of his heart by laying his jemmy upon it, and presently he heard something breathing beside him; stretching out his hand, he discovered that his companion was neither a dog nor the domestic pussy cat, but another man.

"Hush, hush!" whispered the latter. "If you are a burglar take what you like, but for goodness' sake don't tell my wife I'm here. This is the one place in the whole house where she doesn't know to look for me. I don't mind when she uses the poker, but to-night she's been pursuing me with a hat-pin."

In another moment the burglar was creeping over the window sill, while a salt and sympathetic tear dropped upon a little rosebud that raised its head beneath.

WHEN IS A DOOR?

Musselwhite was one of those people who could do anything or anybody. He had just been entertaining his fellow clubmen with accounts of some of his exploits in the way of big game shooting.

Nobody said anything, because everybody was bored to death, and busy trying to think of something else, but at length Ashelfarb roused himself from the general lethargy.

"Shoot?" he exclaimed, "I bet you a £5 note you could not hit a door with a revolver at ten paces."

The bet was accepted, the stakes were deposited with a third party, and the distance was duly paced off.

It was then that the artfulness of Ashelfarb became apparent. He opened the door till it stood edgeways on to the other. Five minutes later he was laying his own fiver back in his pocket book and placing the other beside it.

ALONE IN LONDON.

Alone in London! That was the condition of Isaac McSweenie. Friends he had none, and his relatives had long since cut him.

Did he beg his bread from door to door? Not so. He was a Scotchman of Jewish descent. What better pedigree for a man in an emergency? He spied a rosy-cheeked farmer standing in front of St. Paul's, and making his way to him he smiled and said:

"I daresay, my friend, you find great difficulty in investing money in the country."

"Two and half per cent. is what the Savings Bank gives me for my little lot," said the farmer.

"Ah," said Isaac, "I pay twenty per cent. on the money I borrow. I'll let you have that on any you lend me."

"But how do I know that you would pay me the interest regularly?" asked the farmer.

"I'll pay you the first year's interest now," said McSweenie, "to convince you of my honesty." And, as he took £20 from the farmer and returned him £4, pocketing the rest, he muttered to himself: "A loan in London."

THE PUBLICAN'S TROUBLES.

The world's an inn.—DRYDEN.

For more years than I like to look back on now, I've kept a public house in a populous provincial town. During that time I think that every trick known to the swindling fraternity has been tried upon me. I may say here that visitors are constantly coming to the town, and people from other quarters of it often drop into my bar, so it is quite impossible for me to safeguard myself as I could if my customers were all regular.

A favourite trick is this. A man comes in at the busiest time in the evening, orders a drink, pays for it with half-a-crown, gets the change and departs. Shortly afterwards another man comes in and pays for a drink with a florin.

When I hand him his change he counts it and says: "You've made a mistake I'm afraid, landlord; it was half-a-crown I gave you."

Of course I tell him that I never make mistakes with change, but his next reply is pretty convincing: "You look in your till then, and see if it wasn't half-a-crown I gave you. I remember the coin because I noticed it had an inkspot on it, and the date was 1880."

I look in the drawer and find half-a-crown, marked in the way he described, but it was the half-crown that had been presented by the man whom I had served first, and who is working this game in conjunction with him.

This swindle would not be possible in a small house that did only a little trade, because the landlord or the barman would remember the half-crown presented by the first customer; but, I am glad to say, mine is a busy place. I was cheated this way once, but I shall not be had a second time.

I was very neatly had one day. A simple looking young man came into the bar and asked if a Mr. Smith of London had called there. I said I knew no such person, and the young man seemed much disappointed. He told me that a stranger had borrowed half-a-sovereign from him on the previous evening, and that he had promised to call at my place to re-pay him.

I was more amused than sorry, for that was such an old game of the sharper that I considered the young man ought to have been on his guard. I told him he would never see Mr. Smith of London again, and he was equally certain that he would, and at length he offered to bet an even half-sovereign that Mr. Smith would turn up.

I took the bet, and five minutes later a stranger, who gave the name of Smith and referred to London as his native town, appeared in the bar. He passed half-a-sovereign to the young man, and, of course, I had to pay my wager.

You might say that I was too suspicious in supposing there was trickery here, but a brother publican had the same trick served upon him the very next night.

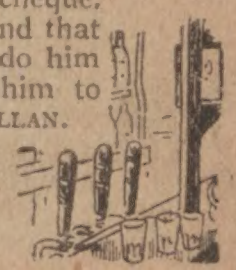
Every known trick for obtaining credit has been tried on me; bad cheques and cracked coins have been duly honoured at my establishment; but these things happened when I had just started. I am very careful now.

To avoid offending certain regular customers I have to pretend to be very dull. There is one old man who cannot write a word, but who likes people to think he can. I know he can't, because at the time of the agitation against the Licensing Bill I asked him to sign our petition, and he made a very lame excuse about having sprained his thumb.

Time and again he borrows a pen and ink, because he says he has to send a cheque to his brother.

I lend him the implements without a smile, and grin inwardly when I see him take a dirty scrap of paper from his pocket and scribble upon it. He believes that I and everybody else imagine him to be making out a big cheque. He isn't a bad old chap, but he will pretend that he has money he does not possess. To do him justice, however, I have never known him to cadge off other customers.

A. GULLAN.



ONE HORSE.

The keeping of two hunters is a serious matter for the man of moderate means, but many an enthusiastic follower of the fox gets along with only one. It is largely a matter of nursing.

Take, for instance, the home-coming. The day's work is over, and possibly you want to get home in time for dinner, forgetful that your horse is tired out. Let him jog along at his own pace.

By forcing him at such a time you may make him unfit for hunting for two or three days, whereas, if you allow him to take it easy, he will be ready the day after the morrow, or even on the morrow itself if you particularly need him.

In galloping up hill you can help your horse very much by twisting a lock of his mane round your finger and thus pulling yourself towards his neck.

Just try it next time you are tackling a stiff incline, and observe the difference it will make to his pace and to the ease with which he carries you.

When you have the opportunity, get off and give him a rest; even if it is only a couple of minutes, it will refresh him wonderfully. Do not forget when you dismount after a stiff gallop to turn your horse's head to the wind in order that as little as possible of him may be exposed to the chilling blast.

Lastly do not omit giving him some beer in his gruel when hunting is finished for the day. He wants a tonic as much as you do.

USING TRAVEL TIME.

Most men waste the time they spend while travelling by train. They read their newspaper for a whole hour, when a quarter of that would suffice. They know they wouldn't spend all that time over the paper at home, but they think they must in the train.

By wasting time we shorten our actual span of life. A man who has an hour's journey daily and wastes half-an-hour each day, cuts a tidy lot off his life, if you work it out.

What ought he to do?

First, he shouldn't read the newspaper so much. They are good for news and that is all. There's no thought in them.

What does it matter that a volcano has erupted somewhere on the other side of the earth? More important and useful is it to know yourself and your fellow beings, and that knowledge is to be had easily and pleasantly by reading sound books. You can't get it in the daily newspaper.

Again you can write in the train—a letter, a paragraph for some paper, or a more ambitious contribution. It isn't difficult if you don't let your back rest against the back of the seat.

PITY THE ARISTOCRAT.

The average young man of good family has irreproachable manners, and a fair physique; but there his gifts and accomplishments end, for he has never found it necessary to think, and he is incapable of chatting intelligently on any subject that requires the exercise of a little common-sense.

There is no need for him to do uncongenial work for his daily bread, and those not so placed might be inclined to envy him on that account; but happiness comes only to the man whose body and mind are sufficiently developed, and as the aristocrat lacks all real mental vigour, he can never be thoroughly happy, for he cannot enjoy the blessings the gods have given him, as all enjoyment is necessarily perceived through the mind.

Why are our young lordlings' brains no better than those of the dustman in spite of their opportunities? Firstly, because they do not need to work and think in order that they may live, and secondly because the old families have for generations intermarried to such an extent that they are all related to one another.

Such conditions necessarily produce mental and physical unfitness. Therefore, don't envy them.

BARRED FROM THE COUNTRY.

It is easy for the town-dweller of comfortable means to acquire a love of the country; his bicycle and the train are always at his service. But how shall we teach a love of nature to the denizens of the slums of our great cities?

"How do trees grow?" asked a teacher in a board school in Ancoats, the slum quarter of Manchester.

"They puts oil on them," replied a boy, whose father was a stoker in a local factory.

"What is a plough?" was another query.

"A knife on cart wheels; it flattens the ground and cuts the grass," came the reply from another slum child.

But they all knew who Oliver Cromwell was, and who signed Magna Charta. Is there not something wrong with our system of education?

If we taught the kiddies aboat the green fields and the beasts thereof, it would be better for them than cramming them with Euclid and other things that neither do them good nor make them happy. What is learning if it does not help us to enjoy life?

A CHAT ON CHANGE.

If people would keep their silver in a different pocket from their gold, they would save themselves much worry and a fair amount of cash.

I am a booking-clerk at a London station, and it would astonish you how often I am handed a half-sovereign for a sixpenny ticket, and when I put down the change discover that its owner has vanished.

I have a system to meet such cases. I immediately put the change in an envelope, marked with the time, and the name of the place for which the ticket was bought.

Next day, as a rule, a fluttered voice asks me through the pigeon-hole whether I have discovered any mistake in the amount of my yesterday's takings, as he believes he gave me a half-sovereign instead of a sixpence. I then demand the time and the name of the station, and, if the answer is satisfactory, I hand the money over.

Of course we can always point to the notice warning passengers to draw attention to mistakes at the time, but that is only to safeguard us against tricksters.

It was an old wheeze of the sharpers to go round the booking-offices putting this question on the off chance of being able to pocket the change that was being kept for its rightful owner, but my method stops that little game.

SOMETHING FRESH.

You know something that our other readers would like to know—something fresh, something of interest to men. Make a paragraph of it and send it to us; if it needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay £1 1s. for the best, and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the guinea goes to Mr. I. Myrans, 3, York Place, George Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester, for "Knocked Out!"

CARDS AND CAUTION.

Some men sow their cards broadcast, presenting one to every casual acquaintance. There is danger in this, for the recipients may put your cards to a use that is highly detrimental to you.

The other day a stockbroker received a summons to appear at a distant police-court on a charge of riding a bicycle after dark without a light. As he has not been astride a cycle for years, and as he had never been in the district where this police-court was situated, he was greatly mystified. His solicitor went to represent him and then the truth came out.

It appeared that a local policeman had stopped a lampless cyclist and had demanded his name and address. "Oh, I'll give you my card," was the ready response, and the stockbroker's card was handed over. The constable's recollection of the culprit was too hazy to enable him to be tracked down.

The stockbroker admitted that he gave away many cards in the course of a week, and he could hazard no guess as to the cyclist's identity.

KNOCKED OUT!

When I received notice from the Amateur Boxing Association that the committee had selected me to represent the United Kingdom for the heavy-weight boxing class at the Olympic Games, I at once started training in earnest.

I started by skipping at the Manchester Fencing and Boxing Club, lying on my back and using my legs as described in your physical culture page, and boxing all and sundry. At other times I would go long walks, from eight to twelve miles. I also trained with some of the men of one of our leading Rugby football clubs.

The day arrived at last, I was at the appointed place at ten in the morning, feeling full of confidence, but, if I dare admit it, feeling also a bit weary, and also very anxious.

My turn did not come until after 2 p.m.

I was drawn with a fine strapping fellow of 6 feet 2 inches, but size made no difference to me, and when we stepped into the ring the crowd made no difference to me either, as one gets used to it. At the call of time I went ding-dong into my man, but found very soon that I had bitten off a bigger piece than I could comfortably chew.

I do not recollect getting the knock-out blow. When I came round I was lying on the bench in the dressing-room, with a very dazed feeling, and a great pain in the back of my head.

I exclaimed: "Surely I have not been beaten, have I?" But I had, and fairly and squarely.

My friend told me afterwards that when I got the knock-out on the jaw, I fell in a heap, and, as I fell, my head struck the boards, finishing me completely. My adversary won the competition by beating the Amateur Champion, in even less time than he took in beating me, even though he was taller and a lot heavier than my man. After that I felt there was no disgrace in being beaten by a better man than myself.

NO FROZEN PIPES.

The jerry builder puts our cisterns in the very place where Jack Frost can lay his icy fingers upon them—in a loft or attic just beneath the slates. Consequently the water supply fails, and apart from the discomfort to everyone in the house, there is danger to those in the kitchen, for a close boiler bursts when the water stops.

Keep the gas or a lamp burning beside the cistern whenever there is likelihood of frost, and allow one of the taps to trickle all night. The water men, who place keys on the junction pipe and listen at the midnight hour for the sound of a leaking tap, make allowances at such times.

They don't want the pipes to freeze any more than you do.

Turning off the water where it enters the house, and then running all the pipes dry, is a method sometimes advocated. An empty pipe cannot freeze, but the scheme is not so practical as it sounds. Ice is liable to form between the street main and the house, a thing which is prevented by the lamp and the trickle.

The SOLVER

A NEW SERIES OF DRAMATIC COMPLETE STORIES.

By H. CLAY-BUCKINGHAM.

I. THE HERMITAGE MYSTERY.

I had arranged that Page should accompany me to a meet of the Elstree beagles on a certain Saturday, for, next to unravelling knotty criminal cases, he enjoyed pounding over the fields after the hounds and the hare more than anything else on earth.

In the early morning I called for him at his chambers in Shaftesbury Avenue, but found him dressed not in the usual beagling costume of breeches and stockings but in a dark lounge suit.

"No beagling for me to-day," he said. "I have just got a wire from Reading to take up a case of more than usual interest. I am sorry to disappoint you, but, if you like to give up your sport for the day and accompany me, I think I can promise you more excitement than the hounds are likely to give you."

"By all means," I said. "I should be most happy to come."

We caught the train at a touch-and-go; in fact we had just time to buy a copy of each of the morning papers from the newsboy before it steamed away.

"As I thought," said Page, "these halfpenny papers have it all. You digest this batch, while I get through the others."

He pointed to a column headed "Dastardly Murder at a Country House," and handed me the paper. What was then known about the case may best be understood by reproducing here the gist of the report.

From our Reading Correspondent.

"A terrible tragedy has taken place at a house known as the Hermitage, some little distance from Didcot station, the victim being Mr. Harvey Crake, a gentleman of independent means.

"His housekeeper, on coming downstairs yesterday morning, observed that the varnish on the bottom flight leading to the hall was cracked and blistered as if great heat had been applied to it. She was quite at a loss to understand how this could have happened, but the reason became clear when, on reaching the hall, she discovered marks of smoke on the side of the staircase.

"Underneath the stair there was a recess which had once been a pantry, but the door of which had always been kept locked. Yesterday morning, however, the housekeeper saw the door standing open for the first time. She struck a match and looked in.

"The sight which met her eyes was gruesome in the extreme. A furnace, roughly built of brick, had been constructed beneath the stairs, with a funnel leading up to a ventilator that gave out upon a courtyard behind. In front of the furnace there were ashes, and on the floor of the pantry there was a good deal of blood.

"What horrified the housekeeper most was the discovery of a charred fragment of cloth at the mouth of the furnace. She recognised it as being part of a suit that Mr. Harvey Crake was in the habit of wearing.

"She despatched one of the housemaids for the police, who when they arrived elicited from the servants the fact that high words had been heard between Mr. Crake and a nephew who lived with him. It was still early in the morning, and George Crake, the nephew, had not yet appeared on the scene, so the police went up to his room to inform him of what had happened.

"They discovered that the handle on the outside of the bedroom door was stained with blood, and they felt justified in placing him under arrest.

"Then they discovered the suit which George Crake had worn the day before; it was splashed with blood. On the top of his chest of drawers they discovered the key of the pantry door where the gruesome furnace had been secretly built.

"The basin was full of water stained with blood, and there were also traces of blood on the towel. In the foot of the wardrobe was found a hammer, the head of which showed some traces of blood; it is supposed that with this weapon the murderer first stunned his victim.

"Much astonishment is expressed in the district, for George Crake was a young man who had made himself popular. He was studying at his uncle's house with a view to entering the Army."

I looked across at Page when I had finished.

"Pretty black," I said.

"As black as the ink it's printed with," he replied, "but we must not jump to conclusions."

By ten o'clock we reached Reading, where we were met on the platform by the solicitor who on George Crake's behalf had called in my friend Page. He had a carriage waiting to convey us to the gaol.

I think that for sheer depression a country gaol beats any of the larger establishments, for there is about the former an air of antiquity, I might say of encrusted crime, which weighs heavily on the spirits even of visitors.

George Crake appeared to be greatly upset by the position in which he found himself, and I confess that, although I had already settled in my own mind that he was guilty, I could scarcely refrain from thinking there must have been extenuating circumstances. He was the possessor of a frank face and a steady eye, that seemed wholly inconsistent with the deliberate cunning which was implied in the report I had read.

"You must give us, first of all," said Page, "some idea of the relation in which you stood to your uncle."

"Well," replied Crake, "I have no desire to blacken a dead man's character, but I trust you will forgive me if I appear to lack that respect for him which I perhaps ought to have.

"An elder uncle left his fortune to my uncle Harvey, provided that he gave me a home and saw to my education, for I was an orphan. A home he has certainly given me, but it has been a most unhappy one."

"Have you any theory as to who killed him?" asked Page.

"I have not," Crake replied. "My uncle knew very few people. Those he did know were not fond of him, but I should never have dreamt of his having an enemy vindictive enough to kill him.

"I should mention that he was in the habit of going out almost every night after dark with a small handbag. What he carried it for I do not know."

"If the newspaper reports are true," said Page, "you had some sort of quarrel the night before his murder."

"You can scarcely call it a quarrel," Crake replied. "I was reading in the library when my uncle came in and began to rail at me for wanting to join the Army. As I had come to the decision with his consent months before, I could scarcely understand the reason of the outburst. I can truthfully say that I made no angry reply, for I was so taken aback that I did not know what to think.

"He appeared to get over his tantrums, however, for before he left the room he modified his tone and asked me to have a glass of wine with him."

"One thing more," said Page. "How came the blood on your clothes, and how do you account for the presence of the hammer and the key of that pantry door in your bedroom?"

"I can't account for them at all," the young man replied. "The suit which was found blood-stained was as spick and span when I took it off last night as the one you stand in now. I never kept a hammer in my bedroom. Why should I? The key of that door I had never seen till the police showed it to me."

With that we left the gaol, returned to the station, and, accompanied by the solicitor, took train to Didcot.

The Hermitage was an old house, hidden from the road by trees. The policeman at the door admitted us when the solicitor explained who we were, and a Scotland Yard detective, who was in one of the rooms, conducted us over the house.

The furnace had obviously been recently built by a man who was not a mason, and a wide tin chimney, running from it up to the vent in the wall, must also have been constructed by an amateur.

Page lifted some ashes on the corner of an envelope and examined them closely. Then he asked the detective whether we might see the charred piece of cloth. This was produced, and Page scrutinised it minutely through a little glass like a watchmaker's lens.

We next visited the room that had been occupied by Harvey Crake. Apparently the detective did not think it necessary to remain with us while our examination was going on, for making some remark about the hopelessness of our investigation, he left the room.

Page peered all over the dressing table with his little glass, and at last he saw something on the white cover which appeared to interest him. Then he got down an all fours and examined the carpet in front of the table. Presently he picked up a hair from the ground and placed it in his pocket book.

The search which he made of this room was exhaustive, but I need describe only those parts of it which affected the solution of the mystery. In the fireplace he found a scrap of paper bearing in pencil:

Eus
Abery.

Page then announced that his search was finished, but that it would be necessary to return to Reading gaol to ask George Crake some questions. When we got there the first question he put was: "Did your uncle use hair dye?" and the young man replied with an astonished negative. Then Page made minute inquiry as to the personal appearance of the uncle, and, while Crake provided descriptions, the solicitor handed us a photograph.

We then bade the prisoner and his adviser good-bye and returned to the station.

At the bookstall Page purchased a timetable, and for a solid quarter of an hour he sat on one of the platform seats studying it intently.

I did not interrupt him, for, though I have never yet been able to follow his deductions till after the whole matter is cleared up, still I pride myself upon being an unobtrusive, if not a useful, companion during his investigations.

"I'm off to Wales," said Page. "How would you like to come? Aberystwyth, to be precise. We can catch the ten o'clock train to-night and get there to-morrow morning."

It was useless to ask Page the purpose of the journey, for he has never yet explained matters till he found that his theory was correct, and therefore I simply expressed my desire to accompany him.

We had just time to devour a hurried meal in the refreshment room at Euston Station before the train was due to start.

I will admit that I find a good deal of pleasure in rushing about in this manner, for there is much interest in a journey which you have not prepared for or anticipated.

And such journeys have to be undertaken very frequently by anyone who would keep in touch with Page when he is hot upon a scent.

On reaching Aberystwyth about half-past nine on the Sunday morning, we satisfied our hunger in the refreshment room and then made for the seafront, where we sat down on a seat about

the middle of the promenade and waited patiently. We must have been there for well over two hours, and I was just beginning to think that Page had brought me on a wild goose chase, when suddenly he clutched my arm.

"Do you see that old man who has just passed?" he asked. "That is the murderer of Harvey Crake."

We followed him till he left the front and made his way up a cliff to the north of the town. Page kept a sharp look out on all sides, and, when he had assured himself that no one was about but us three, he requested me to spring upon the old gentleman from behind and to hold him firmly. It says something for my confidence in Page that I did so.

The surprise of my captive I shall never forget, but it was less marked than the total collapse of his self-confidence when Page caught him by his venerable beard and pulled it off, revealing the face which the photograph had shown us to be that of Harvey Crake himself!

The cowering wretch immediately did all in his power to persuade us not to have him arrested, and, in consideration of his promise to make a full confession and return at once to the Hermitage, Page agreed not to give him into custody.

He admitted that his hatred of his nephew had induced him to plan a bogus crime for which the latter would in all probability have been convicted. He had brought the bricks by two and threes in his handbag from a house that was being built in the vicinity, and had carried, rolled up like maps, the sheets of tin which, when soldered together, formed the chimney of the furnace.

On the night of the supposed crime he had high words with his nephew, when he knew that the servants were in the passage outside to hear. Then he poured out a glass of drugged wine, and, while his nephew was in bed sleeping off its effects, he had entered the room, staining the clothes with blood, leaving the hammer, and supplying the rest of the evidence.

The blood both in the room and about the furnace he had secured from a butcher in a neighbouring village, and in the furnace he had burned parts of the suit he usually wore.

"How did you manage it?" I asked Page as we sat in the train opposite our prisoner. Page drew me to the other end of the compartment and spoke in whispers. He is a man of great kindliness, and I suppose he did not wish to hurt the feelings of our fellow passenger by rubbing in his downfall.

I rather admired him for it.

"It was comparatively simple," he said. "I saw that the piece of cloth had a cut edge, showing that it had been severed from the garment before being put in the furnace.

"Then I found on the dressing table a spot of spirit gum such as is used for sticking a beard on a clean shaven face. On the floor I found two hairs, both showing traces of dye; it is a fact that makers of wigs and false beards have never yet seen the advantage of using hair naturally the colour they want. The scrap of paper backed up my theory and gave me an indication as to the place where the rascal was hiding.

"It was apparently part of a paper on which he had been copying out train times, and a consultation of a time-table showed me that no place, except Aberystwyth, beginning with those five letters could be reached from Euston."

I am sorry to say that Harvey Crake was not prosecuted, for, though his crime was morally iniquitous, it did not come within the definition of perjury. George Crake was at once released, and, refusing to be dependent on his uncle, enlisted in a cavalry regiment as a ranker.

I should not, I suppose, rejoice at the death of any fellow creature, but when I learned some months afterwards that Harvey Crake had died and that his nephew had succeeded to his fortune I confess that sorrow was not my most prominent emotion.

[*Another of these remarkable stories will appear next week.*—ED.]

OUR SMARTEST CAVALRY.

A CRITICISM OF UNIFORMS.

There is much conflict of opinion as to which uniform is the smartest in the British cavalry regiments. Infantry can never compare with cavalry in smartness of uniforms, as they all have the same red coat, and neither their trousers nor boots are as well made.

Taking them all round, light cavalry have the prettier and smarter uniforms, and, as they are generally slimmer men, they can carry the uniform to more advantage.

As a cross between the two, the Royal Field Artillery have an undoubtedly pretty uniform, and have the coatee, now so seldom seen, to show off their figures, and smart, tightly overalled leg to better advantage; for the taste of many, however, the braiding on the jacket is of too deep a yellow, and there is too much of it.

Among heavy cavalry, the Queen's Bays have the advantage over the other Dragoons and Dragoon Guards, by their smart canary yellow collars and cuffs, and a much prettier cap. The Carabineers (6th D.G.) and drivers of the Army Service Corps have similar facings, but white in colour, though the A.S.C. has again the advantage of slimness, and a very smart girdle, in place of an ordinary white belt.

The Life Guards' walking-out uniform loses nearly all its smartness after attaining the rank of corporal, for then the coatee is replaced by an ordinary red tunic, with a white belt, but their full dress uniform is probably the smartest of heavy cavalry.

Amongst light cavalry the awarding of the palm is much harder, as their general smartness makes it difficult to pick out one better than another. The 21st Lancers' uniform is undoubtedly one of the prettiest, the French grey cuirass, over the dark blue tunic, yellow braidings and lines, and yellow and red girdles, make up an effect altogether tasteful.

The 5th, 16th and 17th Lancers are all well off as regards uniforms. The 5th (Irish) have a red cuirass, over dark blue, with yellow facings. The 16th have a white cuirass and facings.

There is very little difference in Hussar regiments. There are only two especially distinctive, the 11th and 13th. The 11th have the very noticeable distinction of cherry coloured trousers, but the effect of this smartness is detracted from by the men having to wear the ordinary dark blue Hussar tunic; were the tunic of the same cherry colour, the effect would be astonishingly smart. The 13th have white facings instead of yellow.

To pass from the regular Army to the Yeomanry, there is little doubt that the City of London Imperial Rough Riders have the smartest uniform. Their purple cuirass over their pale blue grey uniform, with yellow facings and lines, and yellow and purple girdles, must be a very great source of attraction to all possible recruits.

Were votes taken for the smartest cavalry uniforms, the probable winners would be: Heavy Cavalry: Life Guards and Queen's Bays (2nd D.G.). Light Cavalry: 21st Lancers and the 14th and 11th Hussars.

T. N. GLOVER.

THE PRODIGY HUMBUG.

Children should be seen, not heard.—FRENCH PROVERB.

There is no greater nuisance to the music lover than the present rage for children of alleged talent. Even the discriminating concert-goer may be induced to spend an evening of aural torture in listening to one of these eyases.

The boom in infant prodigies is not a natural one, but is carefully engineered by a syndicate of Jews, whose headquarters are at Prague. They advertise, in the German and Hungarian papers chiefly, for children possessed of natural talent for playing.

The candidates perform before these Jews, and, if their execution is sufficiently dexterous, an arrangement is at once made with their parents whereby the children are to be exploited. The usual arrangement is that the parents of the child shall travel with him throughout the chief towns of the world. A sum of about £400 a year is guaranteed to the boy's father so long as the arrangement lasts.

The first town to be worked is probably London. The Jews begin the campaign by employing an active press agent, whose business it is to exploit the prodigy. If he were to advertise in the ordinary way, the public would pay small attention to the vaunted talents of the infant, but the agent knows a thing worth two of that.

He knows that the more vulgar section of the public delights in reading intimate news concerning celebrities, and he forwards such news to those papers which cater for that class of reader.

He will tell some interesting lies concerning the early life of the prodigy, and how he was discovered. You may not notice the name of the prodigy the first time you see it, but, after reading many of these paragraphs, it will at last become fixed in your memory, and when finally you see a concert advertised in your town to be given by this alleged genius, you think it would not be a bad plan to speculate a couple of shillings on a seat.

It is then that your eyes are opened, and then that you wish your ears were closed.

It was the unpleasant duty of the present writer to interview a number of child celebrities for an illustrated magazine which ran a series of articles on this not very enlightening subject. In every case he found that the child played only the notes of the music—played in fact as a mechanical piano-player might do.

The beauty of the work of a great composer lies in the fact that it brims over with the most marked of the human passions—love, jealousy, despair, and so forth. It is manifestly impossible that a child can have any knowledge of such emotions, and his interpretation of the masterpieces shows no sign whatever of their existence. It is that which makes the music of the child prodigy so uninteresting.

The prodigies themselves are uninteresting also; they are spoilt brats and say the most foolish things in the attempt to be clever.

By and by the towns of Britain, America and the Continent have all been exploited by one particular prodigy. It would be fatuous to take him over the same ground again, for an audience that has once been bitten is likely to be twice shy. The Jews therefore give up this prodigy and exploit another in exactly the same way.

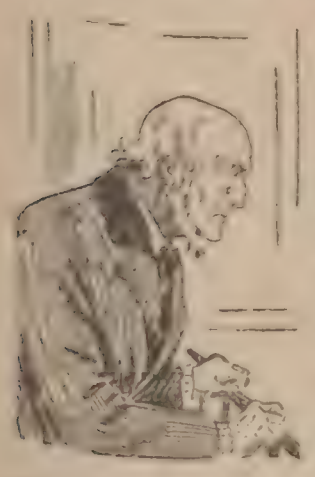
It is a comparatively easy thing for them to find children with a good mechanical execution, for in Germany and Hungary music is cultivated so enthusiastically that every child can play a little, and most of them can play fairly well—that is, well to us who, it must be confessed, are not a musical nation.

So many prodigies have been exploited during the past five years, that luckily the public interest is now waning, and the syndicate which runs the prodigies will soon have to devise some new outlet for its energies.

When the vogue ceases altogether it will be a matter for congratulation to all genuine concert players and to all lovers of real music.

R. D. THOMAS.

BUFFOONS ON THE BENCH



So justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.
—BUTLER.

The scene is a police-court, the part reserved for the public being crowded with the idle and the criminal, who have flocked to the seat of justice as to a free entertainment.

The prisoner is a little old man, with white hair and haggard face. His eyes are bloodshot, and he looks about him in a dazed kind of way.

"I saw this man staggering about, your worship," says the policeman who stands in the witness-box. "I watched him, and observed him fall on the pavement. I picked him up and noticed that his breath smelt of liquor something awful; so I took him into custody. At the station the divisional surgeon certified him to be intoxicated.

"Have you anything to say?" asks the magistrate, turning to the prisoner; but it is obvious from his face that his decision has already been formed and that nothing the unhappy wretch may plead will alter it.

HIS STORY.

"This is the whole truth," says the little old man in a shaking voice. "I had been out searching for work, and was returning home after another weary day of disappointment. Suddenly I felt faint and dazed, and presently I stumbled and lost consciousness. When I came to myself I was in a comfortable room, and saw a gentleman bending over me. He said I had been lying unconscious in front of his house, so he took me in. He suggested that I should drink a glass of brandy to restore me. I never drink, but he insisted that I should do so. He lifted the glass to my lips. I was too weak to resist, but I clenched my teeth and pressed my lips together, the spirit being spilled over my clothes. Then I staggered to my feet and left the house. Shortly after I again fell from exhaustion and this constable arrested me."

"H'm!" says the magistrate. "You didn't taste any of the brandy?"

"Not a drop! I set my teeth against it."

"Quite so," replies the magistrate, "but I notice that one of your front teeth is missing. A little must have trickled through. Ten shillings or three days."

HIS OBJECT, A LAUGH.

Then came the explosion of laughter from the audience and the press-table, the applause which the magistrate had been hoping for.

What mattered it that the jest was of the weakest, and that the old man's story was true?

Let us pass to another court, for the judicial jesters are not confined to one.

A woman has been arrested for obstructing the police in the execution of their duty.

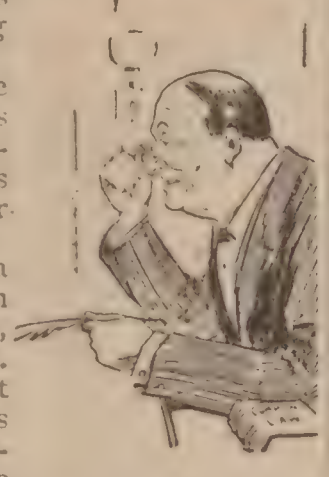
The story is a sordid one. Her son had committed a burglary, and the detectives had come to arrest him. Then the mother-love in the woman's heart awakened, and she strove desperately to save him.

Seizing a heavy rolling-pin, she flung it with all her strength at one of the servants of the law. Now she stands with bleeding heart beside her son in the dock, her case to be dealt with summarily, his to be remitted to a higher tribunal.

"Are you this young man's mother?" asks the magistrate. "Your name is not the same as his."

"Yes, my lord," she replies meekly, for the fighting impulse has long since passed from her. "My first husband died and I married again. I was Mrs. Chambers once."

"Mrs?" queries the magistrate. "'Misses' doesn't apply when this good lady is throwing rolling-pins!"



And again there is the foolish laugh at a fool's wit. The torture the woman is undergoing has nothing to do with him or those who listen to him.

The next prisoner is a young man. He has been starving for many days, for he can get no work. Then comes the great temptation. His sister is ill, and food must be obtained if she is to live. He steals a loaf from a baker's hand-cart, and is caught by a plain-clothes policeman in the act.

As he stands in the dock his heart is full of bitterness against fate, and he looks in surprise at the faces turned upon him. Their expression is expectant and jocular; they are waiting for another sally from the Bench.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

When there comes the question: "What have you to say?" the prisoner makes a long statement. Too proud to cringe, he gives the facts baldly, showing his dire need and the unsuccessful efforts he had made to get food honestly.

"My sister is very dear to me," he says in conclusion. "When I saw that she was dying of hunger, what was I to do?"

"Do? Do?" repeats the judge. "I think you had better do one month."

Then he betakes himself to his luncheon, conscious of the fact that he has maintained his reputation as a wit, and looking forward to reading an account of it in all the evening papers under the heading "Mr. Blank's Latest."

When shall we be rid of these jesters in wigs? When will the cap and bells and bauble be laid aside for the sword of Justice? When will the Press cease to condone what is a disgrace to our public tribunals? DAVID COOPER.

NEGLECTED BEAUTIES.

Beauty is spoken of as if only the artist, the musician and the poet knew anything about it. It is, as a fact, the possession of every man, but the taste for it has to be cultivated.

That it is worth the trouble of cultivation is obvious, for a beautiful scene, sound or thought puts a man's whole nature in tune.

Wealthy people go to Switzerland and get up at unearthly hours to watch the sun rise over the Alps, but the Swiss sunrises are as nothing to the London sunsets.

The smoke of the metropolis catches the level beams and produces effects that cannot be equalled anywhere else in all the world. Yet of all the Londoners who cross the bridges on their way home from work scarcely one turns a glance westward at the beauty spread before him.

It is the same with what may be called literary beauty. We read a humorous passage, or the description of a likeable character, and regret that we do not see such things in actual life, but they are everywhere about us; it is only we who are blind.

The newspaper boy who is yelling his wares is as picturesque a character as any depicted by the novelist.

The self-importance of the policeman is the most humorous thing on earth.

The footballer is a nobler personality, physically, than any hero ever novelist painted.

The old charwoman is as pathetic a figure as ever lived in a book.

And all these people are about us in the living flesh, if we would but heed them.

It is worth while to study these aspects of life; they may have no direct money value, but money, as the millionaire is the first to admit, is not everything.

DOG DOCTORING.

SOME LOW DOWN TRICKS.

The amateur breeder and exhibitor does not meet the professional on equal terms, because the latter resorts to many questionable practices to which the amateur would never stoop.

Fox terriers' ears ought to droop over and hang close by the cheeks, and many a dog that is otherwise well-formed is lacking in this one particular. The dog dealer can buy such a dog at a nominal price. His procedure is to thread a needle through and through the ear along the line where the droop should take place; in this way the sinews are severed to such an extent that they do not hold the ear upright as formerly.

The tip of the ear is then attached to the dog's cheek by means of wax, and in the course of a week or two the wax is removed and the ears will have the desired shape. The dog will now have a new name given to him and a fresh pedigree invented, his alleged sire and dam being dogs that are either owned by the dealer or his friends, so that detection is difficult. The dog is then sent to a few shows where he probably wins some prizes, after which he is sold at a high price to a guileless amateur.

Bulldogs are more faked than any other breed. In the old days it was the dealer's custom to strap bulldogs upon barrels, thus drawing their forefeet far apart and giving them a wide chest. Fashion has changed since those days, and it is now considered an important point that the inner line of the forelegs should be straight, a thing that was impossible when a barrel was employed.

A barbarous instrument known as a bulldog spreader has consequently been substituted for the old device. It has the effect of increasing the size of the chest without bending the forelegs.

Not infrequently a mask is fitted over the dog's head, in such a way that its nose will be pressed backwards and thus increase the apparent size of the hollow between its nose and its eyes.

Various tricks are employed for temporarily improving the appearance of a dog's coat. The bluish tint, which is considered essential in the highly bred Yorkshire terrier, is not infrequently imparted to its coat by the generous application of a half-clean blacklead brush.

The hair of rough-coated fox terriers should be stiff and hard; if it is soft, a mixture of powdered alum and resin is rubbed in.

Toy spaniels ought to have shiny coats; when they lack this adornment the dealer doses them with a solution of arsenic, which has an astonishing effect on the brilliance of the hair. In a week or two the hair becomes as dull as before and serious injury has been done to the health of the dog, but by that time the dealer will have sold him.

A pug dog, good in other respects but lacking the dark line down the back, can be bought very cheaply. The line is promptly added by the dealer by means of an aniline dye, fixed either with a solution of alum or nitric acid. Dye so fixed will withstand several washings, and the fluid will not be discovered till the hair begins to grow. The new growth at the bottom of each hair will, of course, be fawn.

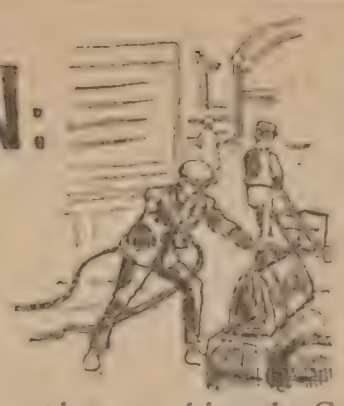
In the case of pugs belladonna is used to brighten the eye and make the possible lady purchaser exclaim: "The dear! How intelligent he looks!" Where the appearance of a coat is spoilt by a sprinkling of white hairs, these are plucked out; where the blemish is a patch of white, a solution of logwood and copperas is applied. Should there be a patch of pink on the nose of a dog, this will be blackened by pricking in a preparation of mercury in the same manner as sailors tattoo their arms.

The judges use certain chemicals by which they may detect the presence of dye, but, if the dealer has reason to fear he is suspected, he simply drops a little pepper and snuff about the dog's face. This makes it run at the nose and eyes and gives it the appearance of distemper. It is consequently turned out of the show, and he is saved from exposure. A. J. MUIR.

LONDON: HELL

X.

THIEVES.



Petty, picking, downright thievery.—BYRON.

A tailor recently told me of a scheme by which he had been defrauded; it was as noteworthy for its simplicity as its ingenuity. A man, pretending to be a visitor to London, called at the tailor's shop and was measured for a frock-coat suit.

He explained that he was very much pressed for time, and could not come to be fitted. He gave orders that the suit should be sent to a hotel in the Strand at a certain time, and promised that while the tailor's messenger waited he would try on the clothes and, if they were satisfactory, would pay for them then and there.

When the messenger reached the hotel, the man retired to his bedroom with the clothes, and a few minutes afterwards returned with the information that the trousers must be made narrower. He kept the coat and vest, and the messenger returned to the shop with the trousers. Next day the garment was altered and again brought to the hotel, but the customer had disappeared.

CHEAP CLOTHES.

The proprietor informed the messenger that his guest had taken a room for the one day only, and that he had no idea as to his present whereabouts. And so the tailor folded up the trousers and put them on a shelf, and wrote off the cost of the coat and vest as a bad debt.

It was only when in the course of conversation with some other tailors he mentioned how he had been swindled, that he learned that another tailor had had the same trick played upon him, only that in his case the coat and vest had been returned and the trousers kept.

Thus the thief obtained a frock coat suit for the cost of a bedroom in a Strand hotel for one day.

Much has been written concerning the methods of railway platform thieves, but it is doubtful whether the exposure has done much good, for as soon as the public is warned against one plan the thieves drop it and invent another.

The big trunk with the false bottom, which is slipped over a smaller trunk and which has concealed hooks for catching hold of the latter, was once popular amongst the fraternity, but has now been discarded as clumsy.

ON THE PLATFORM.

Just as in all art simplicity is a recommendation, so the luggage thief finds that it answers his purpose best. Well-dressed, and with an air of assurance, he spots a pile of luggage on the platform beside the train which has just arrived, and simply hails a porter and orders him to carry the most valuable looking of the packages to a hansom.

If he picked them up himself he might be suspected, but even the owner of the luggage would suppose that everything was right when he saw one of the railway company's porters handling it. I have seen it alleged that thieves sometimes dress up as railway porters, but this is manifestly absurd. The porters in a station all know one another, and the masquerader would inevitably be questioned and exposed.

The luggage in advance system, by which the railway companies collect your baggage and deliver it at any address given, is extremely useful to the passenger, and to the luggage thief also.

Arming himself with a number of large gummed labels, inscribed with a fictitious name and the address of the house that he is for the time making his headquarters, he looks about the platform till he sees some trunks which have been sent as luggage in advance. Over the labels upon them he sticks those he has prepared. Then he departs and waits till the railway company deliver the goods to him. They do so at their own expense in more senses than one, for they have, of course, to pay compensation to the owners of the luggage.

For some time an expert London luggage thief has been working the Continental trains from Dover. He watches till he hears a servant instructed to take certain baggage to the Victoria train. Then when the servant has departed and the porter is about to carry out the instructions, the well-dressed thief advances.

"My servant has made a mistake," he says; "put that luggage in the Cannon Street train. In fact I think you had better bring it into the carriage with me."

STOCKING A SHOP.

Travellers who have private servants generally also have luggage worth ransacking, and so the thief who has gone to the expense of a return ticket from town reaps a rich harvest.

One man who had for many months worked as a luggage thief, actually opened a second-hand clothes shop in the West End for the sale of his booty. In this way he secured far greater profits than he would have done had he dealt with a receiver, but in spite of its originality his innovation led to his undoing. A man who had been robbed of several suits of clothes saw two of them exposed in the window of this shop. He communicated with the police, and the inquiries brought to light the fact that every garment in the shop had been stolen.

A very neat trick is being played on suburban publicans. A man goes into their bar and has a drink, which he pays for with a £5 note. As soon as he has departed two well-set-up men enter and request to see the proprietor. They ask whether any customer has recently tendered a £5 note, explaining that they are detectives from Scotland Yard.

NO ARREST!

The confiding landlord shows the note, and one of the men consults a handbook and announces that this is the very note which has been stolen from the till of a City shop. He then asks the publican to describe the man who gave it to him.

"The very man!" exclaims one of the bogus detectives. "He has just been arrested and is now in a cell at the station. Would you kindly come with us and state what you have just told me to the superintendent?"

The landlord goes to a back room or upstairs for his hat, leaving the note with the supposed officials. As soon as he is out of sight they bolt from the place. In this way the gang gets back the note which the first man paid, and also pockets the £4 19s. odd which he received in change.

Publicans are also being victimised by a man who is working single handed. He is well-dressed and fairly good looking, and he patronises a bar half-a-dozen times before he brings off his coup. On these visits he makes it his business to get on friendly terms with the barmaid.

A FORCED LOAN.

One evening when he sees the landlord speaking to some customer at the far end of the bar, he informs the barmaid that he has unfortunately left all his money at home in another suit. Could she lend him a sovereign? Of course she cannot. Then he suggests that she should take one from the till to oblige him with. She explains that this could not be done without the landlord's permission, and he then volunteers to secure that permission.

"I am sorry to find that I have come away without any money," he explains, when he has crossed over to where the landlord is standing. "You know me as a fairly regular customer, and I should be much obliged if you would allow your young lady to give me a drink on credit."

The landlord has no desire to offend a good customer, and the visitor is such.

"By all means," says the landlord, turning to the barmaid, who is awaiting his verdict. "Most certainly."

The barmaid not unnaturally supposes that this applies to the sovereign. She hands it over, and this particular customer does not again patronise that bar.

LIGHT-FINGERED EXPERTS.

Amongst miscellaneous thieves must be included the vast army of pickpockets. In their case careful training and long practice is necessary. Their tuition is received at various schools run by modern Fagins. That which was conducted by "Handsome Polly" in a house in Stamford Street, off Waterloo Road, in which were found between twenty and thirty children whom she had kidnapped, has many counterparts at the present time.

But training alone is not sufficient for the pickpocket of to-day, the public having become too cautious. This drawback, however, he minimises with the usual ingenuity of the criminal. One of the latest devices is for a man, carrying what appears to be a cigarette, to stop a gentleman and ask him for a light. There is a sort of freemasonry among smokers, and the request is not likely to be refused.

The thief places the paper tube to his lips, and, standing close to his victim, blows a quantity of cayenne pepper in his eyes. While the gentleman is temporarily blinded, the thief ransacks his pockets.

STRAP-HANGING THIEVES.

Strap-hanging has been made much fun of in the papers, but it has brought grist to the mill of the tie-pin thief. He chooses a tube train at the busiest hour, and is always amongst the last to enter the carriage. As there is no seat for him, he is obliged to strap-hang, and he contrives to take up his position directly opposite someone who has a valuable tie-pin.

The hand of the thief can be raised to a level with the wearer's chin without exciting suspicion, especially as the carriage is crowded and his movement is shielded by a coat carried over his arm. If his victim should feel his hand touch the pin, the thief immediately apologises and gives the jolting of the train as an explanation.

The crowded tube lift is another happy hunting ground of the pickpocket.

In spite of the precautions taken by shopkeepers, shoplifting flourishes now as ever. One of the neatest tricks that has come to my notice was that adopted by a man and woman who work in concert.

UNFAIR EXCHANGE.

The man purchases from a jeweller a ring costing £5, and insists that the price ticket attached to it should be left on. Next day his wife, with this ring in her hand, calls and asks to see a selection of very valuable rings. She is shown a trayful, and deftly removes a £50 ring and puts in its place the £5 one. As the firm's ticket appears on this ring as on all others, the shopman on glancing over the tray naturally supposes that everything is as it should be.

The neatest of all tricks played upon shopkeepers is that in which no theft takes place at all. It is usually worked by two women. One whispers to the salesman: "I have observed that lady in a black stole acting very suspiciously. I have no idea who she is, but I consider it right that you should keep a watchful eye on her."

The shopman therefore observes the suspect carefully, and presently he sees her hand stealing rapidly over the counter and thrusting something into her muff.

She then receives the usual request to come into the room of the manageress, where she is carefully searched, but no stolen property is found upon her. She is extremely indignant at the baseless accusation, and threatens to institute proceedings against the firm. Usually she is pacified by a substantial cheque and there, so far as the firm is concerned, the matter ends. Later on, however, the two women meet and divide the proceeds.

STUART FREEMAN.

[*A further article of this series will appear next week.*—ED.]

TIPS ABOUT TIPSTERS

The cheating future lends the present's bliss.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

In every sporting journal there appear advertisements from tipsters, who seem to offer a very fair proposition.

"I know a dead cert. for the Grand National," says one of these notices, "and I am willing to send it free of cost to any sportsman who will promise to give me £5 if the horse wins. If you win I win. If you lose I get nothing. Could anything be fairer?"

On the face of it the proposal appears eminently just. Here, you say, is a man who is willing to stand by his own prophecy. The £5 you would not mind paying him, because you would win far more than that, and so you write to him and the tip duly arrives.

The swindle of the thing is subtle and ingenious. The tipster sends out to different clients the names of every horse entered for that race. To clients in Glasgow he sends the name of Bendover, to clients in Leicester he sends that of Win Easy; it would be fatal if two men in the same town compared his tips and found them to vary. Out of all the horses it is obvious that one must win, and, as this horse has been tipped to a couple of dozen clients, the wily tipster makes £100, for out of this number of bettors it is safe to say that not more than four would be so unsportsmanlike as to refuse to pay up.

BUILDING UP A CONNECTION.

Let us say that Bendover has won. The Glasgow patrons are in consequence delighted, and they swear by this particular tipster. He will not throw away the advantage he has won in their favour, and will continue to correspond with them, offering them tips from time to time at 5s. or 10s. each, for his ability has in their case been proved, and they are willing to pay him a good price.

He must, however, cease advertising under his old name, for the people of Leicester and all his other dupes recollect that he tipped a wrong 'un. To get over the trouble he simply words his advertisement in a different manner, uses a different name and address and puts it in again. Previously he was John Smith, now he is William Brown, and as the latter he builds up a connection in another town where the winner of another race happens to have been tipped, and so it goes on, till under various names and addresses he has worked up a profitable circle of clients in every large town in the country.

HOW WINNERS ARE SELECTED.

This is an innovation, and shows enterprise. The average tipster's method is simpler. He inserts advertisements in provincial evening papers, asserting that he has been established twenty or perhaps fifty years, adding that he tipped the winner of last week's great race to all his clients and offering to send a dead cert. for the coming race to anyone who forwards him 2s. 6d.

In come the half-crowns, and out goes the tipster for five of the London morning papers which give selections and Naps. If three of the five give the same horse as a probable winner, he tips this horse to his clients as a Special Nap; if only two agree as to one horse, he sends it out as his Nap; if the five papers give the names of five different horses he writes them on little slips of paper, shakes them in his hat, picks out one, and tips that as Extra Good.

So profitable is this game that the tipsters are ready to pay almost any sum in reason for the insertion of their advertisements in papers of large circulation. To the credit of the proprietors of our best periodicals, however, very few of them are willing to countenance the swindle or to share indirectly in the profits derived from it.

Unquestionably the best tipsters of to-day are those attached to the leading London newspapers. The man who sits in the London office, weighing evidence of form and ability, is supported by a number of turf correspondents, or, as owners and trainers are pleased to call them, common horse-watchers.

These correspondents live at the various training centres, and it is their duty to spy upon horses when undergoing private trials. In this way they are able to communicate to their paper those little hints which the owner would like to keep to himself.

The owner naturally wants to get as good a price concerning his horse as possible, and this price cannot be got if its real abilities are divulged.

Thus it is that trials are held in the very early morning, and white stockings which would lead to the identification of the horses are painted out. The heath where the trial is to take place is carefully guarded, yet the spy manages to have a look.

BOB SIEVIER'S SECRET TRIAL.

There came to my knowledge recently a case which illustrates the ability of the spy. Not very long ago Bob Sievier brought down four of his horses from Lambourne to run a secret trial at Kempton Park. The horses travelled in a special train, and the lads who accompanied them had no idea as to their destination. Finally the train drew up at Feltham, and the horses were taken to Kempton. This was at four o'clock in the morning.

They had scarcely entered the Park when Mr. Sievier arrived in his motor-car with four crack jockeys to ride the horses; amongst them were Higgs, Randall and Griggs.

The stable lads were locked in the weighing-in room while the trial was going on, and they knew nothing about it. When it was all over, Mr. Sievier and his four jockeys returned to London in their motor-car, priding themselves on having completely circumvented the spies.

ITS RESULT.

Judge of their feelings when that night there appeared in a London paper a full description of the trial. The spy, whose duty it was to keep an eye on these horses, had quietly climbed the fence of Kempton Park and hidden himself in a tree, from which he saw everything undetected.

A bookmaker I know has built three rows of villas out of the profits he has made in the course of a few years. He has called them Mugs' Villas because, he explained to me, the money for their building had come exclusively from mugs. If you ask my candid opinion, I am inclined to agree with him that betting is a mug's game, but if you must bet, take your tips from the London papers and not from the advertising tipster.

SAMUEL GRIFFITHS.

FAME'S COMMERCIAL VALUE.

It is advantageous to the shopkeeper to make himself widely known in his own locality by some harmless form of self-advertisement. To become a member of his local town council or district council will announce his existence to many people who have not known him before, and it will increase the respect with which his present acquaintances regard him.

The fact that a man is a member of an official body proves nothing except that he is pushing and has some gift of the gab, but people imagine that it also indicates commercial respectability. They believe that goods purchased at his shop wil be of high quality. Sometimes they are right, sometimes not, but the effect on the shopkeeper's trade is invariably good.

It is well to associate yourself with sport, particularly if you are in a business which caters to the needs of followers of that sport. The outfitter who is known to be a director of a big football club, or even an official in a small amateur club, draws to his shop devotees of the sport, and he has the further advantage of getting his name in print.

NIGHT CYCLING.

NOW IS THE TIME TO TRY IT.

Many a common amusement becomes a romantic one if you enjoy it at an unusual time. Cycling is such. The roads which you know so well, take with the darkness all the appearance of a strange country.

The first problem that faces the cyclist who determines to have a night run is whether he will set out at, say, eleven o'clock or whether he will have a few hours' sleep and start at two in the morning. If he decides on the latter course, he will probably not go at all, for nothing conceivable is more dreary than getting up in the middle of the night.

The best plan is to have a long night's rest, avoid over-exerting yourself during the following day, and set out at eleven in the evening. The public houses shut then and the country is quiet, save for the occasional hoot of an owl or the scurry of a rabbit as it flies into the brushwood at sight of your approaching lamp.

The rabbit, by the way, takes some watching at night. Many a cyclist has had a serious accident through running over a bunny, and one at least has lost his life; but if the rider will proceed slowly there is no danger, and it is generally the slow rider who thinks of a night run. The night ride is purely a matter of pleasure; there can be no thought of record breaking, and so it does not appeal to the scorcher.

I remember once during a night spin all but colliding with a huge stone that had been dropped by a quarry cart. My lamp was a feeble one, and its light only just sufficed to show me the obstacle in time. On another occasion I almost ran into a sheep which had broken out from a field and was wandering disconsolately on the highway. But these were in my youthful and incautious days, and I do not think that any cyclist riding slowly need fear.

Another good reason for riding cautiously at night is that you are liable to run across a piece of road that is in the process of being repaired.

The law says that under such circumstances red lamps must be shown to indicate the danger to all users of the highway, but rural councils and their servants sometimes neglect this, or allow the lamps to go out. If you have an accident owing to such negligence, you can recover substantial damages, but a money payment is small compensation for a smashed nose.

Unblinded macadam will give you a wicked smash if you ride on to it unexpectedly, but if you go slow the peril disappears.

There is a very real danger, again, in meeting motor cars. The bright acetylene headlight dazzles your eyes and makes you unable to see for some time before you reach the car and for some considerable time afterwards. Should a lumbering market waggon be plodding its way in front of you, you will be into it before you are aware, that is if you are riding with any speed. Being out purely for amusement, however, there is no reason why you should ride past a motor at all. You do not meet very many of them at night, and the trouble of jumping off and waiting till they are past is not a very great one.

In the darkness you will tackle with ease hills that took your breath away during the day. Possibly this may be regarded as a proof of human faint heartedness, for it is often more the appearance of the hills than the hills themselves that makes us feel weary.

In night cycling it is improbable that you will be troubled with wind. The stiff breezes of the day become the zephyrs of the evening and vanish altogether at night.

Rain, on the contrary, is more frequent at night, and you must be prepared.

The question of a lamp must depend on your taste. There is a certain amount of charm in riding along a road over-shadowed by trees with an acetylene lamp shedding artificial moonlight in front of you, but the lover of nature will most probably take with him a lamp just sufficient to meet legal requirements. The night ride loses a good deal of attractiveness if you illuminate your surroundings too much.

J. PRESSLIE.

OUT-DRIVING

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By R. BRISTOWE.

One evening while we were sitting in the parlour with the gas out—Bella always looked nicer in the dark, where you could not see her features in detail—she said to me: "Mr. Elkins — John I mean — wouldn't it be nice if you took us for a drive? Of course you can drive? I could never marry a man who was not fond of horses; horses are such noble creatures."

I said of course I could drive. I had never tried to do so, but it was obviously an easy thing, for such foolish looking men seemed able to do it. I agreed to the proposed drive and suggested that we should take train to Hampton Court, hire a conveyance there and drive to Windsor and back.

Mrs. Jones (I am convinced she must have been listening at the door) came in at this very moment and said it would be no good starting from Hampton Court, because the neighbours would not see us, and the people next door were very proud, and she wanted to put them in their place.

She thought postillions would not be necessary, but that a carriage and pair would be essential.

Bella, however, had more sporting instincts and insisted on a two-wheeled trap.

"Something high off the ground, with big red wheels," she said.

I absolutely refused to drive through the traffic of London, so eventually I had my way and we started on a certain Saturday morning for Hampton Court.

There we hired a horse and trap at one of the hotels. The trap looked the worse for wear, but the man who let it to us said that people were much more likely on that account to think it was our own.

We crossed the bridge and turned the corner of the road leading west. The hotel keeper had been watching us from the door of his establishment, a fact which the horse apparently knew, for he went all right till he was out of sight, but as soon as he was round the corner he stood up stock still. I felt inclined to hit him, but I was afraid he might be one of those creatures who hit back, so I pretended that this was quite a customary thing in driving, and, turning to Bella, who sat beside me, I said: "Poor thing, we must not be too hard upon him. He is tired."

"But he hasn't gone a hundred yards," protested Bella. "I don't believe you can manage him."

"I shouldn't let him get the better of me like that," said Mrs. Jones, who sat on the back seat. "I know when my dear husband was alive I would never have let him get the better of me. Can't you do anything?"

"Shakespeare says," remarked Bella, "that one ought to take time by the fetlock. I am sure he knew something about horses, and, if we only knew what was his fetlock, we might take him by it."

I did not know what his fetlock was but neither did Bella, so I just told her that fetlock was another name for tail, and I added in a dignified way that if she wanted to take him by his fetlock she could do it, only she would be likely to soil her white gloves.

A little boy, who had been standing looking on, told us that the horse was waiting for the sound of the cab door shutting. He said that, if I'd give him a penny he would bang a board on the pavement and produce a sound so exactly like that of a cab door shutting that the horse would be deceived and would move on. I gave him a penny, but the little boy then went away and did not come back.

After that we played a waiting game; in fact we waited about twenty minutes but the horse still refused to budge.

I was wondering whether it would be advisable for me to hand the reins to Bella and go in search of a board with which I myself might make the required sound, when we were suddenly delivered from our troubles by a passing haycart. The haycart came up from behind, and, as soon as our horse saw it, he pricked up his ears and set off in pursuit.

"There!" I said to Bella, "I knew I should make him move. Never yet have I allowed a horse to get the better of me."

I don't think Bella saw that it was the hay that had done the trick, and I think she was rather impressed.

Luckily for us, that haycart went all the way to Staines, and we bowled along nicely behind it, my abilities as a driver being thus amply proved; but at Staines the haycart turned in to a courtyard. Our horse wanted to follow, but somebody slammed a gate in its face, and it stood half across the pavement looking at the obstruction very foolishly.

One of those officious policemen who are always at hand on such occasions, seized the bridle of the horse just as if I myself could not have managed him, and led him back to the street again.

It was close beside a bicycle shop, and just then a young man came out with a motor-bicycle. He started it close behind our trap, and it gave a number of very sharp reports.

Whether the horse thought that this was the closing of the doors of a whole cab rank I do not know, but he certainly went off at a terrific pace. Bella threw her arms round my neck, and Mrs. Jones threw her arms round Bella's, which made it very difficult for me to control the infuriated animal.

A little way outside the town we were unfortunate enough to strike the centre of the wheel beneath me against the back of a greengrocer's cart. The cart was loaded up with sacks of potatoes, and the collision dislodged one of these, which fell on the roadway and burst. The horse stopped and looked at what he had done.

The man who was driving the greengrocer's cart was very rude. He asked us whether we thought ourselves a motor-car, whether we were royalty in disguise, and several other things which I think appealed to the vanity of Mrs. Jones, but which I perceived were intended as insults.

He then wanted to know who was going to pay him damages. I said nothing, sincerely trusting that some noise like the shutting of a cab door would soon be heard, and that our horse would once more move on.

Possibly the man was jealous of my dignified reserve. I can think of no other reason why he should have picked up some of the fallen potatoes and thrown them at us. Bella received one, which was mellow with age, on her beautiful neck, and I myself was struck with one upon the ear.

I was about to get down and remonstrate with the man, for the sake of appearances, when a fortunate thing happened. He miscalculated his aim and struck the side of the trap with a large potato. The horse, thinking it was a cab door shutting, trotted forward very nicely and we went on our way.

We had not gone far when Mrs. Jones saw in the window of a shop a large box of eggs labelled "Fifteen for a shilling."

"There," she cried, "just look at the advantages country people enjoy! Why, we are paying a shilling for ten in London. I must certainly take some home with me."

I pointed out that we should be passing this way on our return journey and could get them then, but she insisted that such a bargain might be snapped up before that time.

It was impossible for me to leave our restive animal, and so I invited Mrs. Jones to make the purchases herself. She scrambled down as best she could and presently returned with a large pasteboard box containing quite two dozen eggs. These she held up towards me.

"Mr. Elkins," she said, "you might put these away in your pockets. It wouldn't look class if we went about with parcels."

So I put them in my breast pockets, and warned Bella not to push against me too hard. Then the shopman helped Mrs. Jones to her seat, and, as he slammed the door of his shop, our horse started into a nice easy trot.

In due course we reached Windsor, where we had tea.

When we were once more in the trap, the landlord banged the door of the hotel, because I had refused to pay him the full sum he demanded, and the horse trotted off homewards.

We had left Windsor behind us and were bowling nicely along the riverside towards Staines, when I saw something moving across the road in front.

In a moment we were upon it, and it gave a squeak as the wheel went across it.

"Oh, you brute, John Elkins," said Mrs. Jones politely. "You've run over and killed a poor little kitten. I insist upon your stopping at once, while I go to render it first aid."

I pulled up, and she dismounted and made her way back to where in the half dusk I could see a little brown object still moving in the middle of the road.

It wasn't very much like a kitten.

Mrs. Jones said: "Pussy, pussy. Poor pussy!" She bent down and picked it up and then rent the peace of the beautiful countryside with a terrific yell.

"Oh, the ungrateful creature!" she said. "It's bitten and stung me in a hundred places, and it won't let go."

It was impossible for me to drive back to where she stood, so I told her to bring it with her.

When she came close I could see that she had caught a hedgehog, but I succeeded in pushing it clear of her hands with the butt end of the whip.

Mrs. Jones was very bad tempered for the rest of our drive, but our outing did not last much longer.

Just as we were going down the High Street of Staines, the wheel which had earlier in the day struck the greengrocer's cart, suddenly came off without the slightest warning.

I was thrown violently into the street, and first Bella and then Mrs. Jones came pitching down on top of me.

Both believed that I was responsible for the accident. Bella took a pin from her hat and jabbed me with it in the back of the neck, while Mrs. Jones thumped me with one of the cushions, which she had removed from the trap for that purpose.

I don't know how I should ever have survived to write this history had it not been that two policemen pulled the ladies off me. I then got up and discovered the full extent of my misfortune.

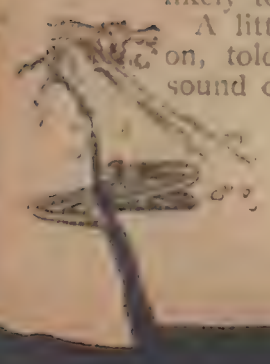
The eggs in my breast pockets had all been crushed with the fall and with the thumping of Mrs. Jones, and they were soaking through to my skin. I felt all over like an uncooked omelette.

"Never, never, never speak to me again," said Bella. And "We have finished this drive, thank you," remarked her mother. "We'll take the train back to town."

The local blacksmith charged me double the right price for fixing the wheel on again, but he assured me that it would not be safe to ride on, so it was considerably past midnight when I arrived at Hampton Court leading the horse.

Such was the end of my one and only attempt to control man's best friend.

Good-bye, Bella.



ESCAPED CONVICTS

So free we seem; so fettered fast we are.
—BROWNING.

"There is an escape!"

The prison bell booms sullenly as the magic sentence passes from lip to lip, and even the convicts quickly learn whether the attempt has been successful or not.

It is all but impossible for a man to escape from a British convict prison, but there still remains the one chance in a thousand that he will succeed in eluding re-capture, and it is with this chance in view that the daring prisoner casts the die—expected by the sympathies and envy of the fellow prisoners but of the men in every prison throughout the length and breadth of the country.

How news spreads amongst the prisoners has never been satisfactorily explained, but when there is an escape, the convicts in every prison become aware of it, and wait anxiously to know the result.

GRIM PRISONS OF THE WEST.

They will tell you at Dartmoor and at Portland that no prisoner has ever escaped from either of these places without being finally caught, but there is a tradition in the case of Portland that many years ago two men succeeded in getting their away.

It is said that the first one broke into the chaplain's house, arrayed himself in a suit of broadcloth, and, thus disguised, succeeded in reaching Weymouth and finally making his way to London. It is further asserted that he returned the clergyman's suit wth a note of apology for having been obliged to make use of it.

The other was a Frenchman who stole away in a thick mist, clambered down the cliffs to where a boat was waiting for him, and crossed in safety to his native land. The authenticity of these stories is, however, doubtful.

Within the last two years two men, John Wilkinson and George Vincent, made a daring attempt to escape from Portland. Having cut their way through the ceilings of their cells, they clambered through to an upper corrider and so gained the roof. By some means they had succeeded in getting a length of rope smuggled in to them, and with its assistance they descended to the exercise yard.

ON THE CLIFFS.

Between them and liberty there still remained four gates, each fitted with powerful locks, but the men were skilled at lock-picking, and in a short time they opened all four. As soon as they found themselves outside the prison walls they dashed towards the cliffs, and began the perilous descent to the shore. They had not gone far, however, when Vincent slipped and broke his ankle, and Wilkinson found himself in such a precarious position that further progress would have been suicidal; so he waited till the warders appeared and carried them both back to prison.

Another Portland convict modelled his escape on the traditional story in which figures the parson's broadcloth suit. Having reached the vestry of the chapel, he found a surplice, which he managed to improvise into a kind of smock, and so arrayed he passed unsuspected as a local rustic through the prison gates. Outside a house he found a couple of milk cans, and as he carried these no one suspected him of being other than the countryman he pretended to be.

UNMOCKED.

Over Chesil Beach he trudged till he reached Weymouth, and passed safely through its principal streets till he found himself upon the Dorchester Road.

He was proceeding cautiously along this highway when he was observed by a police inspector, who did not quite like the cut of his smock. A closer examination showed conclusively what the smock had once been, and on its removal the convict uniform was disclosed, and the man was promptly dragged back to durance vile.

Attempts at escape from Dartmoor are periodical, though so far not one has been successful.

On Christmas Eve in 1899 a convict named Ralph Goodwin made a dash for freedom just as his party were being formed up to return from agricultural work to the prison. A thick fog favoured him, for in the winter time fogs are frequent on the barren heights of Dartmoor.

It took him two days to reach Devonport, and it is a matter for wonder that he succeeded in getting so far, for men-hunters were out in every direction. It must be remembered, however, that he had broken into a house and secured a suit of clothes, which proved of infinite use to him.

It was still dark when he reached the outskirts of the town, and encountered a policeman, Greenwood by name. He wished the constable the compliments of the season, and the latter was unsuspicious, but he had with him a little terrier which began to sniff at the convict's heels. Goodwin then bolted, and, the constable's suspicions being now aroused, he set off in pursuit, and arrested the fugitive, who was finally brought back to Princetown.

RAILWAYMEN IN PURSUIT.

Two convicts named Frith and Silvester were the next to attempt to escape from Dartmoor. As usual they availed themselves of a thick fog, and nothing was known of their whereabouts till the guard of a South Western railway train observed them walking along the track.

The train was stopped, and the engine driver and guard set off in pursuit, but the convicts managed to elude them. They were finally captured, however, Frith after twenty-four hours of liberty, and Silvester three days afterwards. The latter had broken into a farmhouse, stolen some clothes and disguised himself as a labourer, but the disguise was not sufficiently good to deceive the warder who happened to come unexpectedly upon him.

Towards the end of May 1906, a convict named William Searle, an ex-jockey, escaped from Dartmoor prison in the usual fog, and at the favourite moment—when the other prisoners were about to leave the piggery and return to their cells.

BENEATH A TARPAULIN.

A warder and a civil guard fired at him but missed, and next moment Searle was out of sight. The method adopted by Mr. Winston Churchill in his escape from Pretoria was closely followed by this prisoner, for he jumped on to a passing goods train, while it was in motion and hid himself beneath a tarpaulin. He reached Penzance without mishap, but there, unfortunately for him, a porter lifted the tarpaulin and discovered him.

Last October William Walker and Alfred Parrish, two young London convicts, escaped from Dartmoor in the usual manner. Throughout the night rain fell in torrents and the men were drenched to the skin, but they held doggedly on, and during the succeeding day concealed themselves behind boulders and in water courses.

Another cheerless night was spent on the open moor, but in the early morning they reached the Union Inn at Drewsteignton, into which they broke. The landlord pluckily seized Parrish and held him till the police arrived. Walker escaped, but was caught soon afterwards.

They then learnt to their disgust that they had been travelling in a circle and were at that moment only seven miles from the prison walls. Their plight was a pitiable one, their boots and stockings were worn to shreds, their feet were torn by the stones and heather and they were drenched to the skin. The warders wrapped the men in their own waterproof coats, bundled them into a wagonette and drove them back to prison.

Perhaps the biggest wholesale escape was that of two years ago when five convicts succeeded in breaking out of Gloucester prison, after overpowering the warders and locking up the governor. It was their intention to make for Wales, but they were defeated by the impossibility of obtaining food, and they were at length discovered on a hay rick and surrendered at discretion. As London Mick, one of the number, remarked, "a woman might have took me." They were starving with cold and famished with hunger, and so ready to return to prison that the warders did not consider it necessary to handcuff them.

FIVE MONTHS OF FREEDOM.

Borstal prison seems to be one of the easiest in the country to break from. Early in December of 1900, newspaper readers were thrilled by the story of the daring escape of Soar and King. One Sunday morning, while the other prisoners were in chapel, they succeeded in absenting themselves, and, finding an unguarded ladder, they clambered to the top of the wall and dropped safely to the ground beneath, a distance of over twenty feet.

They had gained the shelter of a wood which skirts the prison before the authorities were aware of their escape. King was captured shortly afterwards, but it was five months till Soar was laid by the heels. It is highly probable that he would have got away altogether had he not become reckless and intoxicated with success.

The authorities at Borstal appear to be fond of leaving ladders about. Some time later Albert Jackson, a young convict whose good behaviour gained him permission to do certain privileged jobs about the prison, obtained access to the stores, where he secured a suit of clothes. Arrayed in this, he scaled the wall by means of a ladder, just as Soar and King had done, but in negotiating the drop he was less fortunate for he dislocated his ankle.

INJUDICIOUS FLIGHT.

In the greatest pain he worked his way across country to Snodland ferry. He begged a penny from a boy to pay the ferryman with, and he was just landing at the opposite side of the Medway when a policeman, suspecting his haggard and furtive look, questioned him. Jackson immediately bolted, but he was unable to run far and was promptly caught.

One of the most romantic escapes ever made from Parkhurst was that of a man named Marks who loosened with a knitting needle the mortar which held together the bricks of the outer wall of his cell. The accomplishment of this task must have taken him many weary weeks, but eventually it was finished, and he lifted out the bricks, exhibiting a hole through which he could just manage to wriggle.

DOWN THE WALL.

He tore his blanket into strips and from these constructed a rope; one end he hitched to the leg of his bed and the other he thrust out till it hung half way down the side of the wall. With the aid of this rope he clambered down so far, and safely dropped the rest of the distance.

Searching about the yard, he found two sharp pieces of steel, with the aid of which he ascended the outer wall, and dropped safely down on the other side. He had been a burglar, and he now turned his technical skill to account by breaking into a house and stealing clothes and money.

Had he put a bold face on matters and booked a passage to Portsmouth he would probably have passed as a visitor and have escaped altogether, but he decided in favour of attempting to row across the Solent in a boat. In this he was seen by a coastguard, whose suspicions were aroused. A boat was sent out in pursuit and Marks was recaptured. H. WELLWORTH.

OLD GEORGE.

A STUDY.

He will tell you exactly how many years ago it was, for he is most particular in the matter of dates—though he calculates time according to record crops and storms and not by the calendar. Ask him, if you want to know, for I shall not divulge it, as George harbours the vanity of supposing he is still a young man.

Let us not, therefore, be exact. Suffice it that long before you and I were born, George was turned out-of-doors by his mother to earn his grub on a farm.

Earn it he did, if ever man, boy or beast was worth his keep, and his keep was all George got.

His job was to lead the horses, while a man held the shafts of the plough, and sometimes the horses trod on George's toes, especially when he was turning them at the end of the furrow, but he never complained.

In a few months he had learnt to put his hands in his pockets, to swing as he walked, and to look very superior and unconsciously foolish, as a real ploughman does; and the men laughed, forgetting they had done just the same when they were boys.

Before he was seventeen, for he was naturally strong, George was steering a plough and a pair of horses of his own. By the time he was twenty he was taking prizes, and was held to be one of the best ploughmen in the county.

He was at that period, if his actions and words have been reported to me correctly, a very fair imitation of the business man who has been crowned with success. George was not over proud—merely conscious of his power and of his superiority over other ploughmen.

When he met other men he let them do all the talking, because he knew a thing or two—that silence is commonly supposed to bespeak wisdom, for example. At this period of his career George was not the possessor of wisdom in the fullest meaning of the term, but it is doubtful whether he knew that, and nobody dared to tell him, for he had made himself a man of some importance.

Basking in this comfortable frame of mine, he grew and he rose, little by little, to be bailiff of the farm, and, being of a careful, saving disposition, he amassed enough to rent and stock a very small farm of his own.

Hitherto George had been a success—in his limited sphere. Now he became a man, for his farm did not pay, in spite of his cleverness and his skilful ploughing, and he began to take a wider and more sympathetic outlook on life. He tried still to convince himself and others that he was clever, but the poverty of his crops gave him the lie.

The adulation which had kept their real man down, was now removed; George's character at the age of forty-five showed up in true colours for the first time. His outlook became very sunny, his mind unambitious and content.

His crops were bad, for the land was poor, but George was always satisfied, even when each ear of corn was about twelve inches away from its neighbour.

He was always perfectly satisfied.

For twenty-five years he remained there, his crops becoming annually poorer and his outlook more placid, till at last his farm, the landlord declared, must be merged into the territory of a larger farmer.

So George departed to the cottage of his grandson, who disliked the idea of the workhouse as much as did the old man himself.

From this cottage George emerges daily, to earn a few pence at bird-scaring or weed-burning. The people who once envied and hated him, like him now, for he is different from the George of successful days. The younger generation like him too, and the children help him to scare the birds when they come out of school at dinner time.

He is wise—somebody once called him the village oracle. What is better, he is happy.

M. BRUCE.

MY NOTEBOOK.

THE ARMY AND MYSELF.

Never do I see a soldier but I think: "There, but for circumstances, go I."

The romance of the life, the hard work with the consequent feeling of absolute freedom each evening when it is over, the splendid good-fellowship, all make an appeal of the strongest kind to me.

One thing only has kept me from being a soldier. Perhaps I should not confess it, but we are all friends, so I may as well be candid; it is my desire to make money—honestly, mind you, so I do not think it so very discreditable, but I want to make a lot of it.

Therefore have I bridled my inclinations and set myself the task of producing a new paper, and a highly successful one, I am thankful to say.

In spite of all that, I am a soldier at heart, and sometimes I wish I was one in reality. Possibly it was these strong personal feelings that induced me to use so many articles and stories dealing with Army life; and possibly it was these that drew the Army to this paper. Anyhow the Army was attracted for one reason or another.

I was surprised and delighted at the vast number of letters from soldiers which I found every morning on my desk, and I had inquiries made at the various garrison towns and military depôts. The result of these inquiries shows me that I have a larger circulation in Army circles than any other weekly paper, and I am very, very proud of it.

I feel that every soldier is my brother, and I am more than happy to have his support. What is more, soldiers are men, in every sense of the word, and their approval of my efforts is worth very much to me.

A high official at the War Office was kind enough to say recently that I had done more to popularise the Army than had any other journalist. I want to do more than that. I want to improve the Army by making the conditions of service ideal, and the only way to do it is to draw attention to those points which need improving. In this matter I invite my soldier friends to write to me, telling me frankly of any grievances they may have, as well as of the joys of Army life. Their letters shall have my immediate and personal attention.

THE PENALTY OF INCHES.

J. B. is a Manchester reader who considers that I should offer a timely warning to all those who read in these pages the other week an article on the only scientific method by which you may increase your height.

"Let me urge all readers of that article," he writes, "not to overdo things. Nature gave me 6 feet 4 inches without any trying for it, but she did not give me proportionate breadth, nor did she bestow upon me good looks or exceptional talents, and I believe I am the most miserable person in Manchester.

"The girls won't flirt with me because everybody would remark upon it if they did.

"In business I am seriously handicapped. I look down on everybody literally, but most people think I am doing it metaphorically too. And they don't seem to like it. I will be talking as civilly as possible to a man with whom I hope to make a successful deal, but he seems to regard me as a person who is so much bigger than and superior to himself that he takes special precautions to avoid being influenced by anything I may say.

"Even in the trivial matter of clothes I am at a disadvantage. Everybody notices what I wear and I cannot therefore save money on dress, as my shabbiness would be apparent to all the world. My one comfort is that I do not need to part my hair carefully, as nobody ever saw the top of my head except from a window."

Those who are following the system Dr. Robertson laid down, had therefore better be careful!

THE COXY YANKEE.

I have just finished reading in an American weekly paper a terrific indictment of British methods in sport.

"John Bull," says the writer, "looks at athletics as a pastime and not as a business. He likes to win, but he does not care if he fails. He will never beat us till he changes his outlook upon sport."

Long may it be till that change comes!

The Americans have proved again and again that they are very bad sportsmen. For sport itself they care nothing; all they want is to win at any price.

The America cup has been kept in New York because its holders have been ingenious enough to discover annually fresh evasions of the conditions.

Hackenschmidt was beaten by what the Americans call tactics, and his defeat was cheered to the echo by an American audience. If an English wrestler had acted as Gotch did, and if it were an English audience that was looking on, he would be greeted not with cheers but with hisses and hoots.

We like to retain championships, and we like to wrest them from foreign holders, but we will never consent to doing so by a breach either of the rules or of the spirit of the sport.

Trickery may have its place in the world of business, and sharp practices and quibbling will always be found in our courts of justice, but let us trust that these things will never enter into the world of British sport.

DON'T PREACH AT US.

We get far too much preaching at nowadays. The food cranks tell us that we are ruining our health, and yet statistics show that our average span of life is increasing steadily.

Other cranks want us to dress in nothing but wool; still others want us to feed and fatten on vegetables—all for our health's sake.

But the people who start preaching these gospels are of a peculiar type. They are nearly always sickly-looking, and, though their congregations may be large, their converts are few.

Nothing has ever been accomplished by preaching at people.

When you read in the newspapers a letter condemning smoking and asserting that an average cigarette smoker consumes a dozen cigarettes a day, you begin to think if you smoke only five that you may well increase the number, and so you do it.

If, on the other hand, it had been pointed out that the number of cigarettes consumed is astonishingly small, you would have bethought yourself that you were a shocking example of self-indulgence with your five, and you might even have cut their number down; you certainly would not have straightway decided to smoke more.

A CASE IN POINT.

I remember the case of a boxing instructor who advertised in a local paper that not one man in a thousand understood the art of self-defence.

That advertisement brought him no pupils, for those ignorant of boxing concluded that, with only one in a thousand possessing a knowledge of it, they were in small danger of meeting the man who could knock them out.

As an experiment the teacher then advertised that so many men now understood boxing that you were quite an exception if you knew nothing about it, and this advertisement brought him several pupils.

We are always being told that the present is an age of slackness and general wickedness. The truth is that our standard all round has so much improved that faults are quickly observed.

We have, in fact, raised the level of criticism, but we have not in any way deteriorated. We are really a good deal better than we have ever been before.

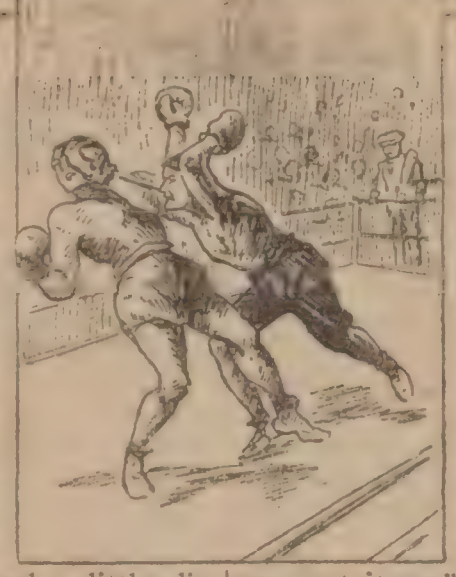
YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

For a Purse

By STUART CANNON



"Yes, Bill, I like fighting men, but I also like good looks. You've got the pluck I admit, but nobody could say you were a beauty. Now I know somebody who is as good looking as can be, though he is no fighter; and I can't make up my mind between you."

"You mean that little fair-haired chap in the railway office?" said Bill Dugdale.

"Never you mind who I mean," the girl replied.

Such were the remarks that induced the unhappy state in which Bill Dugdale returned that evening from Crewe to Manchester. He had seen his rival, a little slip of a chap named Mangles, coming away from Mary's house one night as he himself approached it.

"I'd even things up," said Bill to himself, "if I could spoil his beauty, and I could do it in no time, only Mary would be sure to find out, and she'd cut me for it."

The worthy Mr. Dugdale was at the moment arranging a prize-fight in Manchester. The battle which was due to come off was between Copper Cowley, a local crack, and Kid Kellaway, of London.

The chief supporter of the Kid was Bill himself, and he was supposed to be his chief backer also. As a matter of fact, however, Bill had begun to lose confidence in his fancy, and he had backed the local man rather more heavily than his own nominee, a fact which would have been damaging to his reputation, and probably to his personal comfort, had it become known.

Bill pondered as he journeyed homewards, for he found the gentle motion of the train conducive to thought. At length he conceived the smart idea of killing two birds with one stone, by getting his rival in love to take the place of Kid Kellaway in the ring on the following Saturday.

The idea was more than daring, but a little reasoning out showed that it was not impossible, for Dugdale himself was the only man of the Manchester pugs who had ever actually seen Kellaway; the rest were merely acquainted with him from pictures and reports in the sporting papers.

Twice during the next week Bill ran up to Crewe, and made it his business to scratch up an acquaintance with his rival, Mangles.

"Do you take any interest at all in boxing?" Dugdale asked him.

"I confess I never thought about it till recently," was the candid reply, "but a certain young lady friend of mine is so terrifically keen on fighting men, that I'm sorry I never gave any attention to the sport."

"I think I guess who you mean," replied Bill. "If you hope for any favour in that quarter, the sooner you get to know about boxing the better. I'll be coming to Crewe on Saturday afternoon, and, if you care to come back to Manchester with me, I can take you to as neat a little mill as anyone could wish to see. It's being held in a private boxing school owned by a friend of mine, and, as there's a purse being competed for, it has to be conducted on the strict Q.T."

Thus it was arranged, and shortly after five o'clock the two rivals stepped together into the express that had just come from London. In due course they reached Manchester, and there they were met by several men with square jaws and flat noses.

"Allow me to introduce you, gentlemen," said Bill Dugdale, "to my friend, Kid Kellaway."

Mangles laughed at what he supposed was a humorous nickname invented on the spot, and the men shook him heartily by the hand.

"Are you feeling fit for the fight?" one asked him very seriously.

"Yes," replied Mangles. "I'm looking forward to seeing it. I have become intensely interested in this sort of thing just recently."

At this there was a burst of laughter.

"Well may they call you Kid," said one man. "Why, that's the funniest thing I've heard this many a day! But mind you and watch his right. As you know, he's a lot heavier than you are, and your only hope is to tire him out. Dance round him till he is too weary to move, and then step in and let him have your famous uppercut. We've read about your uppercut in Manchester, though we've never had the pleasure of seeing you put it on."

"I'm rather afraid," said Mangles, "that you are either making a joke that I can't quite see the point of, or else that you're making a mistake. You speak as if I were going to take part in some sort of fight."

"Oh, stop it, stop it!" cried the man who always laughed loudest. "If you keep this up you'll kill me with laughing, indeed you will. It's well your friend Dugdale here told us what a chap you were for larking, for otherwise we wouldn't have known how to take you. Not going to take part in the fight! Oh, chuck it!" and the speaker indulged in a fresh outburst of merriment.

"He's one of the best," said Dugdale heartily, "but he will have his joke, and who blames him? Not I, for one."

"He's a rare game Kid," said one of the men. "I like to see a bit of spirit."

Mangles knew nothing of sporting matters, and he was prepared to believe that the present inexplicable conduct of his new acquaintances was some sort of joke which they had devised for his entertainment, and he considered it would be just as well to let himself drift into the spirit of it.

So he laughed when they laughed, and did his best to live up to the character they had given him.

Finally they arrived at a tobacconist's shop, through which they made their way to a staircase. Mangles ascended and was conducted into a small ante-room, one end of which was separated by two curtains from a larger apartment, from which a hum of voices proceeded.

"Here's your colours, old man," said Dugdale, drawing a scanty supply of clothing from a handbag.

"Are all the rest of you going to dress up in some fancy costume?" asked Mangles, as Dugdale pulled off his jacket. "I didn't know this was necessary."

At this the men roared afresh, for they had been listening in the expectation of hearing him say funny things.

"Fancy having all this joking when he's just going to fight!" said one. "It looks as if he wasn't much afraid of the Copper."

And they grinned again.

Mangles turned to Dugdale, and again asked if he must really don the outlandish garments which were laid out before him.

"It's only because you're a newcomer," Dugdale whispered in his ear. "You always have to dress up the first time you see a boxing match."

Mangles allowed himself to be togged out in a singlet and shorts, and, when he was ready, the curtains were pulled aside and he was led into a large room and conducted to a roped off space in the centre.

The hum of voices ceased on his entrance, and he beheld a sea of faces, which were apparently all directed towards him. At the opposite corner of the square sat another man similarly arrayed, and it struck Mangles that the stranger need not have looked at him with such a malignant expression.

Someone rubbed his arms and somebody else flapped a towel in his face, and then the referee struck a little gong with his foot and Mangles was pushed towards the centre of the room.

Everything was new and strange to him, and events had been happening with such rapidity that he had entirely failed to grasp their meaning. He observed that the stranger was advancing towards him with outstretched hand, and common politeness demanded that he should return the courtesy.

It was only when their hands touched that Mangles noticed that large padded gloves had been tied on his, but he had scarcely realised this when the other man hit him a sharp tap on the cheek with the back of his hand.

Mangles was still wondering what it all meant, and when he would be released from the absurd position in which he had been placed, when the stranger suddenly advanced upon him and gave him a crashing blow on the jaw.

From that moment Mangles lost all consciousness of the people who were staring at him. His one idea now was resentment at the unprovoked attack which the other had made upon him. His face was smarting, and his blood was up. He clenched his hands as tightly together as the gloves would allow and dashed blindly at his antagonist.

His brain was a seething cauldron of resentment, and his advance was like that of a tornado.

His fighting was of a type that had never before been witnessed in Manchester, or any other place where scientific boxing is supported. What is more to the point, it was entirely outside the experience of Copper Cowley, who was well acquainted with every usual and scientific method of attack but who was now thoroughly thrown out of tune by the blind fury of his opponent.

Presently Mangles felt his hand hit something hard, heard a crash as of a body striking wood, and became aware that he was being pushed back by the referee.

Copper Cowley was lying on his back, his head projecting over the edge of the platform.

"Good old Kid!" cried someone. "What a lovely uppercut. Kid Kellaway for ever!"

Mangle's one idea was to go to the assistance of his fallen enemy, for his fury had now abated; but the referee, presuming that his advance meant another attack, pushed him back and began to count.

He reached a certain number and the Copper failed to rise, and Mangles was declared the victor, and a purse containing a hundred sovereigns was handed to him.

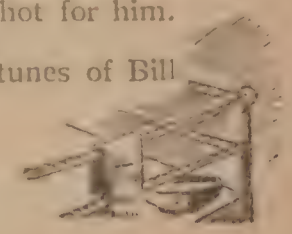
Men crowded about him, shook him by the hand, and congratulated him on his pluck and original style.

It was not till in the midst of dressing he discovered that Bill Dugdale had disappeared that Mangles saw that he had been the victim of a conspiracy, but under the circumstances he was not resentful. His features had not been injured, while his reputation as a fighter had been duly established, not to mention the intrinsic value of a hundred sovereigns.

He wondered how he would break the news to Mary without seeming boastful, but when he called on the Sunday afternoon he discovered that that lady had already been informed.

"Not a word!" she said. "My brother was at the fight, and told me all about it. If I ever said or thought you lacked pluck I'm sorry for it. Have you heard about Bill Dugdale? No? Well, he's had to bolt. He sent Kid Kellaway the wrong address, and it was not till the meeting had broken up and you had won, that the real Kid arrived in the place. Even though you had won them their money, the Kid's backers were wild when they saw the trick Bill had tried on them, and if he ever comes back to Manchester they'll make it jolly hot for him. But what does he matter to us?"

And Mangles agreed that the fortunes of Bill mattered not at all.



BUSINESS · IS BUSINESS ·

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

There's a dignity in labour
Truer than e'er pomp arrayed.
—SWAIN.

OFFICE ETIQUETTE.

The office is not so exacting as the drawing-room in minor points of chivalry, but it has, nevertheless, its code of rules, which the newcomer will be well advised not to break.

In factories there is a feeling of goodfellowship amongst the workers after hours, and the mill hand would be considered a prig should he refuse to enter into the amusements and pleasures of his fellow workers. It is quite different in offices.

From nine to six you are expected to be courteous to everyone, perhaps even friendly, but, after the clock strikes the leaving-off hour, there is no such necessity.

The lady typist who was all smiles in the office may cut you dead in the street without having committed any breach of etiquette. You may refuse to go to the theatre with a fellow clerk, or refuse to have a drink with him, without transgressing any laws of good form. You are companions during office hours only; after that friendship is purely a matter of choice.

One might suppose that the presence of lady clerks in an office would increase the number of rules as to general behaviour, but it is not really so. These girls are doing men's work, and they expect no further courtesy than you would give to a clerk of your own sex. The one point you have to notice is always to address them as "Miss Smith," and not as "Miss," which latter appellation is regarded as the peculiar property of the shopgirl.

Knocking at the door is a troublesome point of office etiquette. Different employers make different rules, but the safest plan is to knock distinctly but not loudly at your chief's door and then walk in, without waiting to be invited. His office does not rank as a private room; it is merely his section of the business premises, so that there is no need to wait for an invitation to enter; in fact, should you give him the trouble of calling out "Come in," he may resent it.

This is safe as a general rule, but you must study the views of individual employers. I have known some men dislike very much having a clerk enter in this way, if they happened to be talking with a lady visitor.

It may happen that, being the possessor of private means, you are better off than the man immediately above you on the staff, and that you can afford amusements which are out of his reach. It is scarcely a matter of tact, but rather of common-sense, to keep this to yourself. Your superior is only human, and it will pay you not to arouse his jealousy.

The problem as to how to address your employer is a knotty one. Should you say "sir" at the end of every other sentence or should you say "Mr. Smith"?

This is a point where no definite rule can be laid down. I verily believe that some men work hard to obtain good positions in order that they may be addressed as "sir," and I know that this term is just as thoroughly disliked by others.

The safest plan is to steer a middle course, using "sir" occasionally, unless you gather that your chief objects to it.

You address your fellow clerks simply as "Jones" or "Jenkins," but it is advisable to put the enclitic "Mr." before the name should you be speaking to another employee who is in a position to give you orders. You may suppose, and rightly, that the man immediately over you is not as clever as yourself, but it will not pay you to show him that you consider yourself his equal, and it is advisable therefore that you should not address him as equals do.

My next hint is one to employers. In my own opinion it is the grossest discourtesy for an employer to address any member of his staff (except perhaps the office-boy) by his surname alone. Every adult male is entitled to the term "Mr.," and by using this the employer will show that he respects his employees and will win their appreciation at no cost or trouble to himself. The employer may address his butler or his footman in what way seems good to him, but his clerks are not domestic servants.

I take it that employment in the modern sense means a contract between two men: one to do certain work, the other to pay a certain sum for the work being done. The man who pays is probably in the better financial position, but it is discourteous on his part if he on that account refuses to give his employee the form of address to which he is entitled.

The employer himself is contracting with merchants and others who are as much superior to him in wealth as he is to his employee, but he would be the first to take offence should they address him as "Robinson," unless they did so out of pure good feeling and intimacy.

Service is a different thing from servitude, a fact which the old-fashioned employer is sometimes apt to forget. Courtesy is so cheap that the man who does not turn it to use in business is a fool.

TO SEE THE HEAD.

The chief of a large business house is more difficult to see than a Cabinet Minister. He is pestered by callers of every description, and it is his secretary's duty to deal with the majority of them. If your name is known to the head of the firm you will, of course, get past this official, but if you are a stranger he will endeavour to persuade you that his principal is too busy to give an audience, and will try to induce you to say what you have to say by letter.

The commercial traveller, the canvasser, and others whose success depends so largely upon obtaining a personal interview, should have a business card of the most correct type. It should be in every sense a gentleman's card, and must have no embellishments of an advertising nature. Let this be presented to the secretary, with the request that his chief should see you, and refuse absolutely to divulge the nature of your business to anyone but the chief.

The secretary is always instructed to deny an audience only to those whose departure means no loss to the firm, and if he does not know your business he will in most cases be unwilling to assume the risk of sending you away, in case your leaving entailed a loss to his employer, and consequent trouble to himself. Therefore, when a refusal is likely, keep your business dark. That will get you an interview; the result depends on your tact.

PLAYING ON VANITY.

I have more than once pointed out that in business a careful study of human nature is highly advantageous. A Birmingham correspondent informs me that a confectioner in that city is making a very profitable use of his knowledge of feminine vanity.

He purchased a parrot for a couple of guineas, and has taught it to say, "She is a pretty lady" when a woman customer enters the shop.

My correspondent informs me that the trade of this particular shopkeeper is increasing with extraordinary rapidity.

LOOKING FOR WORK.

HOW TO GET IT.

Don't rely solely on answering advertisements, but find out whether there is in your town any institution devoted to the interests of your trade or profession; such institutions or clubs generally keep a register of all vacant positions, and you may in this way hear of work that is never advertised in the papers; the advantage is obvious, for there will be fewer applicants.

If there is no such institution and you are driven back on the "Situations Vacant" column, select those advertisements that have an address appended and not a box number. This will enable you to call personally on the advertiser, who will, if he finds you suitable, engage you and thus save himself the trouble of examining the pile of applications that will come by next day's post. You must not delay, even an hour, but call at once.—The early bird, etc.

Dress according to the job you apply for. If it does not involve manual labour, you might wear a morning coat and tile, which will give you an air of prosperity and lead the advertiser to suppose you are the sort of man who could get a job anywhere, and that if he does not engage you another will. But if you are expected to work more with your hands than your head, be careful not to over-dress, for it may be thought you are too fine for your work.

A head-packer in a drapery shop was advertised for and a capable man applied, but he was too well dressed and they told him that it was a working packer they wanted and that he would not be suitable; this in spite of the fact that he was thoroughly capable and ready to accept the lowest living wage.

When you are asked what salary you will accept, don't name a figure, but ask them to make you an offer. You may be hard up and ready to take a pound a week; but if you said that, a pound would be all you would get. Now when you insist on them naming the wage, the chances are that they will offer a sum higher than what you decided would be the lowest you could accept. If they do say a pound a week you have lost nothing, for you were ready to accept that; and you stand to win if they name a higher sum.

If no address is given, and you have to write instead of calling, choose the best quality of notepaper, and if possible have your address stamped at the top. This furthers the air of prosperity; you must never let the advertiser suppose you to be down on your luck, for then he will regard you as an article nobody wants and one not likely to prove useful to him.

Be careful to give in your letter all the particulars demanded by the advertisement. Enclose your application in a long foolscap envelope instead of the ordinary square; this will excite the curiosity of the advertiser and make him read your letter among the first, which is an important matter, for the usual system is to open the letters till a suitable application is found and then to burn the rest unopened.

It is a good plan to enclose a photograph of yourself, for it will make your application different from the rest, but don't be vexed if the photo is not returned; the loss of a photo or two is insignificant where the obtaining of work is concerned.

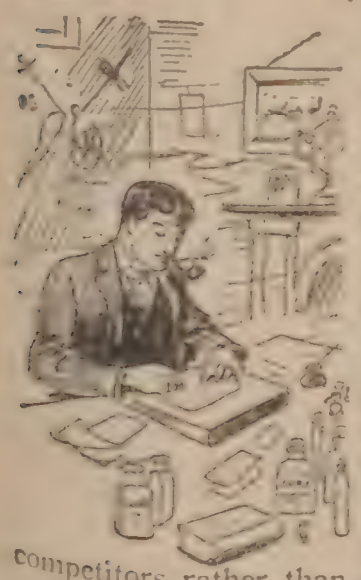
The wording of an application is important. "Having seen your advertisement, I beg to offer my services, etc., etc.," is the usual thing. It often pays to begin something like this: "I believe I am the man you want." You must judge for yourself according to the post applied for. It must be remembered that the latter example is rather cheap and undignified—though sometimes useful—and quite unsuitable when you apply for any professional engagement.

You must fight with a system when you try for a place, otherwise you will spend pounds in stamps and paper and make no headway.

Lastly, never enclose original testimonials because you cannot afford to lose them.

GEORGE GRANT.

CURES FOR SMOKING.



FOR THE MAN IN TRAINING.

There is no tyrant like tobacco, a fact which the smoker realises should he desire to drop the habit even for a time.

It is generally insisted upon that an athlete entering for a contest shall drop smoking, but I have known men so hopelessly under the fascination of the weed that they have voluntarily scratched their names from the list of competitors rather than give it up.

Considerations of expense or health may also make it desirable that the smoker should desist, at least temporarily, and it is therefore highly advisable that he should know how to break off, should he ever desire to do so.

We may postulate at the outset that the exercise of will-power alone will not answer the purpose. Not one man in a thousand is possessed of a strong enough will to keep from tobacco after he has once become a hard smoker, and it is due to the preaching of this ineffectual remedy that so many smokers believe the habit to be incurable. They have followed a plan which could not succeed, and at its failure they have exclaimed that there is no cure and have resigned themselves to their thraldom.

HOW THE BLOOD IS AFFECTED.

To get an effective remedy we must investigate the physical condition of the smoker. Mixed with his blood is a considerable quantity of empyreumatic oil, so much in the case of an inveterate cigarette fiend that leeches applied to him will drop from him dead when they have gorged themselves on his blood; they have been poisoned.

Students of jurisprudence know that there are two ways of poisoning a dog. One is to administer a fatal dose of some injurious drug; the other is to administer minute, and in themselves, harmless doses, the amount being increased each day till after a time the animal can take with impunity what would at first have killed it. If the poison now is suddenly discontinued, the dog will die. Its system has become saturated with poison, and it cannot exist without it.

It is largely the same with the smoker. If he suddenly breaks off the habit, the tobacco drug in his system asserts itself, and he will suffer all the anguish of a non-smoker who was suddenly compelled to smoke a dozen strong pipes each day.

THE NEED FOR SMOKING.

The inconvenience which the smoker who is stopping it will experience, he will attribute to the craving asserting itself, but, as I have tried to show, his feeling that he must have a smoke is due to the fact that he really must have one. If he denied himself he would be doing his system an injury. He has trained himself to stand tobacco, and now he needs it.

In all attempts at cure, therefore, an effort must be made to clear the system gradually, and the process should not occupy less than ten days. With a sudden break off the patient will feel out of condition and unfit for work, and he will return to his pipe, wondering why he ever thought of giving it up.

The great thing is to cut down the amount of tobacco consumed each day. Ascertain exactly how much you are in the habit of smoking, and weigh out your supply each morning, taking a little less each time. Supposing it is your custom to smoke an ounce a day, you would at the outset of the cure deduct a tenth of this amount, and for the second day allow yourself only four-fifths of an ounce, and so on till you have hardly enough left to fill your pipe after each meal.

Then is the time for enlisting extraneous assistance to your will-power. You will feel an impulse to unscrew that tobacco-jar and replenish your pouch. If you are an average man you will yield to this impulse, unless you take means to strengthen your position.

Purchase half-an-ounce of camomile flowers, and, every time you feel a strong inclination to smoke, put one of them in your mouth. The taste is bitter and unpleasant, but when your palate is saturated with it you will not want your pipe.

VARIOUS TREATMENTS.

As different cases demand different treatment, I shall name a few alternatives to camomile, so that you may select the one that answers your requirements best: A pinch of carbonate of soda, a potash pellet, a small piece of liquorice root, an acid drop, even a lump of sugar.

Another good plan is to gargle with a weak solution of permanganate of potash, drawing some of it up into the nostrils. It so affects the mucous membrane that tobacco smoke will taste nauseous, and you will drop your pipe or cigarette before it is half finished.

When you have limited your smoking to one pipe or one cigarette a day, let it be taken during the evening, and rinse the mouth out afterwards, for we do not want to further charge the system with the products of tobacco.

Then comes the great day when you cease smoking entirely.

You have acquired the habit of lighting up whenever you are faced with any difficulty, or perhaps when you are hungry; and now it will be at such times that you will feel the want of your pipe. To overcome this, carry a small bag of raisins in your pocket and chew them whenever the old craving is upon you.

CLEANING THE SYSTEM.

Soon all memory of tobacco will have left you. If life were to be one continual fight against the craving, it would hardly be worth living. But such is not the case. By following the method I have outlined, your system will be gradually freed from the effects of smoking, and then the desire for tobacco will cease altogether.

You can expedite matters considerably by taking plenty of hot baths, sweating hot in fact, and as much exercise in the open air as possible. The skin and lungs play an important part in clearing the system of the empyreumatic oil, and, as that is the object in view, nothing must be left undone to accomplish it.

Please remember that I do not condemn smoking in moderation. I merely give these hints for the benefit of men who want to drop it for the sake of training.

E. L. ROBERTSON, M.B., Ch.M.

THE MAN AND THE MEANS.

"I have often been struck by the helplessness of the average inventor," said a patent agent recently. "He will come to me with an idea in embryo, and with the frank admission that he does not know whether the thing would work if put to the test of actual practice. Generally I can see that it won't work, but sometimes it is impossible to judge without a model being made. This the inventor says he cannot afford to do, as he has neither the necessary implements nor the money for hiring assistance.

"It is in such cases that I call to memory what has been done by our greatest inventors in the face of difficulties. A sheet of cardboard and a lens were all that Newton had to help him in discovering the origin of colour and the composition of light; and Dr. Black discovered latent heat with only a tin of water and a couple of cheap thermometers. In the way of handicraft, Ferguson made his wooden clock with bits of firewood and a penknife.

"That faculty of self-reliance is sadly absent in the majority of inventors to-day; but, perhaps, it is merely a sign by which the great men are to be picked out from the rank and file."

FOOTBALLERS' NICKNAMES.

Of all eloquence a nickname is the most concise.
—HAZLITT.

Just as in the case of a man in other walks of life, it is the most popular footballers who are given nicknames by their friends. In some cases these sobriquets are bestowed because of a peculiarity in the player's style, or in parody of his name, but the derivation of many such titles is wrapped in deepest mystery.

Why George Woodger of the Crystal Palace should be called "Lady" is not very apparent. Some have suggested that it was bestowed as a compliment to his finished style and neatness of play, but that can hardly be the reason, for he bore the name as a boy, long before his play had aroused the slightest comment. It has been suggested in some quarters that the nickname is the result of his desire to be always neat in person, and under the circumstances this seems the more probable explanation.

Enoch West of the Forest is known to his intimates as "Knocker," which is, of course, a punning allusion to his Christian name. This reminds one of the nicknames of the famous brothers A. M. and P. M. Walters, who were always known as "Morning" and "Afternoon" respectively.

The gigantic Millwall custodian Joyce, is called "Tiny," sarcastic-like, just as the twenty-four stone William Foulke, Bradford City's goal-keeper, is generally known as "Baby." It is said by the way that he can pick the football off the floor with one hand so enormous is his grasp.

Appleyard is known as "Cockles," in allusion to his trade in a fishing village near the Humber before he was known in the world of football.

A very useful little pebble on the beach he has proved, and a fresh nickname has been invented for him, one which is likely to cut out the older title. The new one is "The Battering Ram," in playful reference to the impossibility of knocking him off the ball.

W. H. Jones has been dubbed "Bullet." His former connection with the small arms factory has been disputed, but the name may very well refer to his style of play. In the same way Ernest Needham is known as "Nudger" from his skill in elbowing an opponent off the ball. Whiting, the Chelsea goal-keeper, is known as "Pom-Pom," because of his violent methods of removing the ball from the neighbourhood of his goal.

R. McEwen, of Norwich City, is known as "Punch," because he likes to tell funny stories.

Bernard Wilkinson is known to fame as "The Pocket Hercules," a name which was originally bestowed upon him by an opponent. "There doesn't seem to be anything of him when you first see him," remarked the player, "but all the afternoon he kept in my way like a blooming mountain."

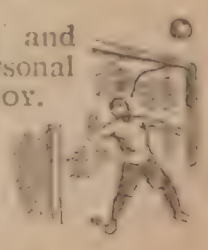
Those who have seen Frost, of Millwall, at a match have wondered whether he possessed the usual number of bones, for he can twist himself about better than many a performer who makes a living as an indiarubber man. He is perhaps the most unselfish player to-day, and he is just as much pleased to set his colleagues on the right track for goal as he is to score himself. The knots he ties himself in, however, have earned for him the nickname of "Snowball," which he considers a very high compliment.

J. Daniel, the Cambridge and England forward, is known as "The Prophet," because of his ability to forecast the results of matches.

Aitken, who has done so much for Middlesbrough, has since the transference of his allegiance to that team been given the name of "Daddler." To daddle means in that part of the country to outwit an opponent by superior skill and adroitness, and, as that is exactly what Aitken succeeds in doing, his nickname is highly appropriate.

"Bantam" Settle, "Sparrow" Brown, and "Rufus" Maltby are all sly allusions to personal peculiarities.

J. GILROY.



SNAPPED!

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

By G. HECTOR HOLLOWAY.

"Kelman," said Mr. Hillhouse, looking at his clerk as if he were challenging him to a fight, "I shan't want you to stop in the office this afternoon."

Arthur Kelman turned round, his pen poised in mid air. He heard what was said, but his surprise was so complete as to prevent his showing any evidence of the fact.

Mr. Hillhouse, doing business as Hillhouse and Co., was the terror of every employee. A certain amount of overtime the better clerks did not object to, but in his office overtime was the order of every day.

Instead of breaking up at six, you were lucky to get off at seven, and, if you had planned a theatre for any particular evening, it was almost certain that that night you would be asked to stay till eight.

And so it was on Saturday afternoons. While other office men were leaving their cares behind them at one o'clock, the clerks of Hillhouse and Co. were bending over their ledgers or their type machines.

The only coin Mr. Hillhouse ever used for the payment of overtime was a threat of the sack, and that, not being coin of the realm, was not negotiable.

Still it answered his purpose.

The clerks knew that, if they lost their jobs, Mr. Hillhouse could fill the vacancies in a day—and he knew it too and worked upon it.

Kelman had found the methods of Mr. Hillhouse distasteful. He was an ardent harrier, and he would have given much to have been able to put in an appearance on the two evenings each week which formed the training nights at his club. On Saturday afternoons runs were held into the country, but, since taking up his present job, he had been compelled to give them the go-by.

Time and again he had dashed from the office to the club house, only to find that all the other men had already left.

Convinced that this particular Saturday afternoon would be no exception to the usual rule, he had resigned all hopes of going out with the harriers and had written to a friend who lived in the country, accepting an invitation for the week-end. And now came the astonishing news that his services would not be required.

If he had only known before, he might have declined the week-end invitation and put in an afternoon at cross country running, which would have been infinitely more to his liking.

"Kelman," said Mr. Hillhouse, as his clerk looked blankly at him, "do you hear me? Upon my word, I believe I have the dullest lot of clerks in the city of London. They waste their time over athletics instead of improving their minds. When they ought to be learning French or German they go hopping over ditches and plunging through ploughed land."

The stab was intentional, for Mr. Hillhouse had in some way become acquainted with the nature of Kelman's favourite recreation, and he was a man who delighted in snubbing his clerks even on the most personal matters.

"But I can already speak French and German fluently," replied Kelman, "and, as you know, have been conducting your foreign correspondence ever since I came here."

"Just as I say," blustered Mr. Hillhouse. "Not only are my men dull, but they are also impertinent. If you know French and German, sir, you ought to be learning Spanish."

To this his clerk made no reply, and Mr. Hillhouse, obviously annoyed that he was afforded no further opportunity of administering a rebuke, repeated his orders that Kelman should leave punctually at one that afternoon.

"If you do not do so," he added, "I shall be under the painful necessity—I mean the necessity, in no sense painful—of dispensing with your services. It astonishes me why a clerk should require a simple order repeated and emphasised in this manner. But some day I'll have a thorough clear-out. I'll sack the lot of you. Trust me, I shall."

Kelman said nothing, but thought several things.

When the chief had left the room, the bookkeeper looked round and whistled.

"My word!" he said. "What's happened to the old buck?"

But nobody could inform him as to the cause of Mr. Hillhouse's unexpected instruction, and nobody cared very much. The main thing was that they were to have that afternoon free like other workers.

It was now nearly twelve and Arthur Kelman saw that, if he was to leave at one o'clock, he would have to work at pressure, for, knowing that he would probably not get off till three or four, he had not been breaking his fingers by tapping his machine more speedily than necessary; but for the next hour he pounded away as if he were qualifying for a speed test.

When one o'clock arrived, and the other clerks had donned their hats and coats, he still had some schedules to finish. It was a quarter past one when he finally completed his work. Snatching up his handbag and putting on his hat, he left the room and was making his way along the passage, when he recollected that he had left on his desk a snapshot which he had been showing to his fellow clerks and which he wished to take down to the country with him.

In his haste he had not closed the office door securely, and it had now blown open. He was on the point of entering, when he beheld the figure of a man dragging a waste-paper basket piled high with oily rags, into the middle of the room. The man had his back to the door, and was quite unaware of the fact that he was observed.

There was no mistaking the squat figure of Mr. Hillhouse, and Arthur felt that it might be bad policy to enter the room just then, for he had been ordered to leave at one o'clock, and if the chief knew that he had not obeyed these instructions to the letter, it might mean dismissal for him, for Mr. Hillhouse was a very martinet.

Kelman therefore waited outside the door till his chief should have returned to his own inner office.

The passage was dark and he was not likely to be discovered, and moreover, the door being open, he would know the very moment Mr. Hillhouse had left the room and he might return safely for his photograph.

But all thoughts of the snapshot vanished from his mind as his attention became riveted on the extraordinary movements of his employer.

The latter drew the basket of oily rags close to a pile of stationery that had been delivered that day, and on the edge of the basket he balanced with some nicety a small paraffin lamp which had already been lit. On the table not far off he placed an alarm clock, which was ticking vigorously, and Kelman could see that a string united the hammer of the clock to the lamp.

With a sudden impulse Kelman opened his handbag and drew forth the camera with which it had been his intention to amuse himself during his week-end in the country.

For a moment Mr. Hillhouse stood motionless as he balanced the lamp, and during that moment Kelman secured a very fair picture of him.

Then, as his chief disappeared within his own private office, Kelman entered the outer one, closed the door and crouched down behind his desk. A moment later Mr. Hillhouse returned with his coat and hat on, and Kelman could hear him lock the door of the office on the outside.

As the footsteps of his employer sounded more and more faintly along the passage, the clerk left his hiding place and stepped over to the burning lamp, which he promptly extinguished.

The purpose of the scheme was obviously to set the office and warehouse on fire, with a view to securing the insurance money. The alarm had been set for six o'clock that night, and by that time the perpetrator of the crime would probably be very far out of town.

Having extinguished the lamp, Kelman knew that there was no further danger, and his one thought now was how he should get out of the office, the door being securely locked and the key presumably in the pocket of Mr. Hillhouse.

A little exploration showed him that the flat roof of the store was not very far below the window of the room in which he was, and, throwing up the sash, he balanced himself on the sill, closed the window again and jumped lightly to the roof of the store. From that to the ground was not a very difficult journey.

* * * * * * *

That week-end Mr. Hillhouse spent at Brighton, eagerly awaiting the news that his warehouse was in flames, but no such message arrived. On Monday morning he was the first to reach the office, and, observing that the lamp had gone out, he said something beneath his breath and locked away his paraphernalia in a cupboard till another suitable opportunity should present itself.

Kelman arrived rather sooner than the other clerks, and went immediately to his chief's room. As he had expected, that gentleman was already at his desk.

"Well," he thundered, "what do you want, sir?"

"First," said Kelman, "I want to tender you my resignation, as I have just received word of a better appointment, and in the second place I want to show you a photograph which I took on Saturday afternoon."

With that he laid on the desk of Mr. Hillhouse a little quarter-plate print on which appeared the basket of oily waste, an alarm clock, a lighted lamp, and the figure of Mr. Hillhouse arranging things.

The expression of the elder man was a study. The usual bluff and sternness gave way to surprise and alarm, but he pulled himself together.

He was a man of some readiness of action, and, as soon as he realised what the photograph depicted, he tore it into a dozen pieces and threw it into the grate, but his clerk reminded him that he still possessed the plate from which it had been printed and that further copies could be produced without trouble.

"And now, Mr. Hillhouse," said Kelman, "I have always had an ambition to get a photograph accepted by an illustrated paper. If it happens that a fire broke out in this warehouse I am very certain that I should be able to sell prints of this photo to every paper in London."

"For God's sake, have mercy," whimpered Hillhouse, all his bluster gone. "I'll never try it again. Upon my word I won't, and I'll buy your silence at any reasonable price."

Kelman assured him that blackmailing was not one of the subjects he had ever specialised in, and that his secret was perfectly safe in his keeping so long as no further attempts at incendiarism were made.

"Well," said Mr. Hillhouse, "if you won't have anything for yourself, you can't prevent me from presenting a challenge cup to that infernal harrier club of yours."

And so, about a month later, the secretary of the club was astonished and delighted to receive a magnificent silver challenge cup from a donor whose name he had never even heard before.

The design of the cup had been selected by Arthur Kelman, and on top of the lid appeared a classical figure with a burning torch raised aloft. This little bit of humour could be appreciated only by two people in all the world, and it is questionable whether one of them quite saw the force of it.

THE MEN OF OUR VILLAGE.

AN INTIMATE SKETCH.

I omit the young men, because they cannot really be considered of our village. We have a supply of them, but they are constantly changing. Their seniors, however, remain constant.

We have two local grocers. One is wholly uninteresting, so I pass him by.

The other is the mainstay of a local chapel. He plays the organ, ushers in the preacher, assists in gathering the collection. He attends each of the three services on Sundays and all of those held during the week.

As a business man he has his failings.

A customer will order a certain brand of advertised soap, and pay for it, but, when the grocer's basket is delivered, it is found that the soap is merely an imitation of the better article which has been asked for. Pure forgetfulness, but I have never known him forget to charge that soap at the price of the more expensive article.

OUR SPORTSMAN.

We have our local sportsman, too.

He is a man of about thirty who has been left a flourishing business by his father, and most of his time is leisure. He has made an arrangement with a house agent to lay down a number of rabbits in the garden of a mansion which has long been unlet, and from time to time he sallies forth to shoot his tame bunnies.

Sometimes he does this during the week, but he always does it on Sunday, and the report of his gun makes so much noise that it is impossible for the rest of the village to forget the sportsman's existence, an object which he assiduously works for.

If you come to our village you will meet in the High Street a fat man generally with a bowler hat, and a straw in his mouth. He walks with a limp, though he is not lame, and he touches his forelock with his first finger after the manner of a coachman.

In the estimation of the villagers he is a very fair imitation of a gentleman of leisure; his enemies think that he is a better imitation of a loafer.

THE STRAW-BITER.

Once upon a time he was a barman in a local hotel. His days now he devotes to the grooming of a mangy pony with wicked eyes, behind which he may be occasionally seen driving.

In the early morning hours he visits the market garden (when the gardener is not there) for the replenishment of his stable larder. He leads an easy life and—his wife keeps lodgers.

Our stationmaster is, I believe, really the owner of the village, though that is not generally known.

My reason for supposing so is not due to any inside information, but comes from a careful reading of the man's manner.

He is very fat, for the air of our village is moist, and so is the greater part of the stationmaster's nourishment. Sometimes you may see a cask beside the gate of his garden, but that, of course, is paraffin.

It is impossible to be dignified in the presence of the stationmaster. Even though you are a stranger, and about to enter a first-class carriage, the stationmaster will come along the platform and look you up and down in a way that will make you feel small though you are six feet three.

If you become a resident in the village and travel frequently by train you may strike up an acquaintance with the stationmaster, but he will always let you see, though delicately, that his patronage is an act of bountiful condescension.

THE FOREIGN ELEMENT.

Our hairdresser is constant yet varying.

He never stops in the village for more than six months, but he is at once replaced by another man his double in all essential characteristics, so that we may regard our tonsorial artist as a constant feature of the village.

He comes from Paris, sometimes from Austria, and once from Germany. His object is to learn the language—at our expense; when he has mastered it, he goes to London for a better salary.

We ask him to trim our hair, and we emerge from his hands as we might from prison. If we do not attend to him closely he will leave ornamental tufts about our ears, which makes us suspect that in his trans-Channel days he must have been a groom to poodle dogs.

But let us consider a more dignified character—the local coal merchant.

He is a member of the corporation of the neighbouring town; he has also a presentable corporation nearer home.

THE VISITOR'S TREAT.

If unfortunately you are acquainted with him, he is certain to ask you to his house once at least, in order to show you the menu cards which he has collected at various town banquets, and to enable you to hear the alleged music that his daughters perpetrate.

He is a man of weight in all senses. His wit partaking of the same characteristic.

In contrast to him we may behold at daybreak or late at night a dwarf working in the local market-garden, with shoulders enormously broad, and a nutcracker face, and legs about eighteen inches long.

He accomplishes as much work as three of the women who are his fellow labourers.

One of these women is the widow of the former foreman of the garden. Now she has a cottage and elevenpence a day, and the dwarf has constituted himself her guardian angel. He sees to the locking up of her house at night and, should she be unwell and unable to earn her daily wage, he will carry vegetables as presents to the neighbours and fetch their return compliments to the old woman.

T. W. GARDEN.

UNCONSCIOUS CONCEIT.

The writers who have most firmly established themselves in public favour are those who point out certain facts which every reader feels only he and the author have ever observed. Take such a book as "Lorna Doone." Its appeal is almost universal, yet a man on finishing it lends it to a friend, because he has enjoyed it himself; but he does not expect that his friend is likely to discover the book's many merits.

Truth is a world-wide thing. Each individual discovers a little bit, and there is something in the nature of such a discovery which suggests that it is a unique and individual experience. When we learn that someone else had many years ago discovered the same thing, we feel a shock of surprise and almost of disappointment.

If you are a theatre-goer you must have observed the same fact with unpleasant frequency. If the piece be a comedy, there is certain to be a young woman sitting behind you who will explain to her sweetheart the point of every joke, however pointless it may be. If you ask her frankly whether she considers herself to be of superior intelligence to her future lord, she would probably deny the imputation. The feeling is wholly subconscious. She would not admit even to herself that her sweetheart was a dull person, but she fears nevertheless that it is only too possible he may have missed something which was clearly perceived by her acuteness.

HOW MUCH BED?

WHAT IS YOUR OWN RULE?

The person who wrote "Six hours sleep for a man, seven for a woman, eight for a fool," was a fool himself, and a harmful one at that.

If we all slept as long as we feel inclined to do, centenarians would be common instead of being rarities. Moreover we should be a happy and contented people.

Consider the case of the Government clerk or the railway director. They sleep nearly all the time, and are known to be thoroughly happy and resigned to their lot.

There is a common misapprehension that if a man's work is partly manual it compensates for the mental part of his labours and enables him to do with less sleep than he would otherwise require.

Dr. Theodore Dyke Acland has stated that bodily or mental activity each requires its own period of rest, and that if bodily activity is added to hard brain work a great number of hours is required for recuperation.

Dr. Bevan Lewis, in supporting this statement, has added that gymnastics are not a cure for mental fatigue any more than physical labour.

Dr. Lewis controls the West Riding Asylum, so we may take it that he knows what he is speaking about when he says that overstrain in exercise makes refreshing slumber impossible, and to the over-exercise in which so many men indulge before going to bed, he attributes the increase of insanity between the ages of twenty and twenty-five.

The fact is that sleep may be regarded as our personal savings bank. By its means we store up energy, on which we can draw on the following day, and tissues wasted either by work or disease are repaired during the hours of slumber. If that were all, the problem of sleep would be easy of solution; I should simply advise everyone to sleep as long as possible.

Exhaustive experiments have been made, however, which go to prove that sleep after a certain time becomes poisonous. It was a German professor who conducted these inquiries, and he discovered that a man who was perfectly fresh and fit after eight hours sleep became heavy and tired after nine hours. His experiments were conducted on so many separate cases that we must conclude that his finding holds good in the case of practically every one of us, and we are therefore compelled to find out individually the number of hours best calculated to refresh us.

Sir Thomas Lipton never sleeps more than six-and-a-half hours each day, and no one could accuse him of lacking energy. On the other hand Sir Alfred Jones, founder and head of the Elder Dempster line considers eight hours to be the minimum and, moreover, he likes to take his sleep fairly early.

Sir Frederick Treves is also an advocate of the eight hours sleep system, and so is Sir George Lewis, the custodian of English society's secrets. He says naively: "I think eight hours sufficient. I sleep nine hours."

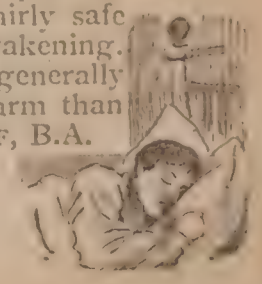
Mr. Eugen Sandow sleeps nine hours himself and advocates a similar period for his pupils.

To take the case of another athlete we find Mr. C. B. Fry advocating ten hours slumber, but we must remember that from his earliest years he has been fond of sleep. As a schoolboy he never felt that he got enough time in bed, and when he came home for the holidays he used to go to bed in the early evening and sleep on till one or even five o'clock on the following day.

General Booth, Lord Kitchener, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree possess the happy faculty of being able to sleep at will. Seldom do they sleep for long on end, but all three are fond of doing so at odd moments during the day.

It appears to be impossible to fix upon an ideal period for slumber, but it is a fairly safe rule that one should get up on first awakening. The second sleep, though inviting, is generally believed by medical men to do more harm than good.

C. WOLFF, B.A.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The Settling.

By E. J. MILES.

He came into Pietro's with a party of friends, laughing as he whispered something in the ear of one of the women.

But the laugh died at its birth and his story remained unfinished as he glanced across the restaurant and saw seated at a little table in the far corner a man who was looking placidly in his direction.

He would willingly have pretended that he had not seen the other, for an interview with him would of necessity be unpleasant, but he had shown when their eyes met that the recognition was mutual, so he made up his mind to face the trouble.

"You must excuse me," Davidson mumbled to his friends as he went across to the little table. He grasped the back of the chair which stood opposite the solitary diner, and, supporting himself with it, he gazed with white face and vacant eyes at the man before him.

"Sit down," said the other. "Can't you see the people are looking at you? You are behaving as if you had just seen a ghost."

Entirely forgetting the friends with whom he had arrived, Davidson mechanically pulled out a chair and seated himself.

"I thought I was looking at a ghost," he said, "till you spoke, Evans. They told me you were dead, that you committed suicide in Parkhurst."

"I'm afraid," said the other, "that the rumour was one of my own spreading. It is so useful at times to have your old friends imagine you do not exist."

"I fear," said Davidson, "that you will discover very few of your old friends. Of those we both knew I believe I am the last. There was Mills; possibly you read about his poisoning himself last week. Then Ducane; he was shot in the back as he passed a house in Maida Vale—no one knows who did it. And Rogerson ——"

Evans held up his hand to stop him.

"What is the use of reminding me of these things?" he asked. "I probably know more about the details than anybody else in the world. The fact is that I came to London to settle up [illegible]."

Davidson dropped the glass which he was lifting to his lips, and Pietro came forward to assure the gentleman that it was "Alloright" and that there were glasses in the store-room and to spare. Monsieur must not worry; nothing was amiss if he had not damaged his suit with the spilled wine. Pietro was typical of the class of foreigner who has made a fortune by serving bad food in an attractive manner to the Londoner, most affable when his interest demanded it, but on this occasion neither of his guests paid him the slightest heed.

"I hope you do not include me in the list of your enemies," said Davidson, when the waiter had brought another glass and departed.

"I'm afraid I do," replied the other.

"But, man alive, I never did you any harm! It's true enough I was in the set at the time when you were sowing the wind, but it was not I who suggested that you should alter the bank's books and embezzle the money. All I did was to present some of the cheques."

Evans rubbed the end of his cigarette against the inside of the ash tray and looked at his companion as calmly as before.

"If you did not play a bigger part than you confess to," he said, "it was because you lacked the courage. Even according to your own admission, you were hand in glove with the sharks who turned me from an honest man into a scoundrel, and I am much afraid it will be impossible for me to spare you."

"Is there nothing I can do?" asked Davidson. "No sacrifice I can make to appease you? I have £600 in the bank at this moment. If I give you a cheque for that amount will you leave me alone?"

"Don't be an ass," replied Evans. "What does money matter to me? You know as well as I do that before my arrest I managed to hide enough to keep me in comfort for the rest of my days. I'm living on that money now. I think," he continued, "that you had better rejoin your party. They are looking our way and seem to be wondering what is the matter with you."

Evans emptied his glass and rose from the table.

"Till we meet again," he said, inclining his head to the white faced wretch in front of him.

* * * * * * *

"Really, really!" remarked the Hon. Ashton Bosworth, one of the pigeons whom Davidson had brought to Pietro's. "Upon my word I can't think what has happened to our friend. Fancy going off and leaving us at the end of the dinner like this, when he had promised to come along to the Empire."

"I believe," remarked one of the women, "he has fallen in love at last."

"Don't laugh at him," urged the other young man. "I believe the poor chap is ill. Didn't you notice how white he was?"

And so the subject of Davidson was dropped from the conversation, as from the thoughts, of his late companions. The votaries of pleasure are creatures of the moment, content if for a time they can successfully combat their self-created world weariness; the illness of a friend is an unpleasurable thought which they promptly banish from their minds.

Meanwhile Davidson had hailed a cab and ordered the man to drive down to the Embankment. Here he dismissed the vehicle and walked rapidly along by the river, shimmering with its lights. He must calm his mind with exercise before he could think coherently, and thought was necessary if he was to extract himself from the dangers that faced him. That Evans would be as good as his word he knew perfectly well.

He wandered from Villiers-Street along to Blackfriars Bridge and back again till he stood opposite the Savoy Hotel. A party of some kind was in progress. Strains of music drifted down to him; he could see beautiful women and well-groomed men upon the balcony. And this was the life he had to leave.

He seated himself and began to worry the matter out. There must be a means of escape if he could but find it. A shabby old man came shuffling along and seated himself beside him. If he became like that, surely he would escape the vengeance of his enemy. No one would think of looking for the immaculate Davidson in a doss-house or upon an Embankment seat. As a tramp he could still enjoy London life from the outside.

But a tramp must have a dirty face and dirty hands. The thing was impossible.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet and continued his journey; walking sharply. He had got a solution at last, one that would leave things where they were, leave him to continue safely and openly the life of a man about town. If Evans were dead, all would be well. He must find him and strike the first blow.

After all they were but man to man, and he had not in the old days been afraid of the bank clerk, so why should he be timid now?

He forgot that important factor in all human action, namely motive.

He himself was impelled by the natural instinct of self-preservation, which, though he was a coward, lent him temporary strength; but the other had a stronger impulse, the lust of revenge, which he had nursed during his weary years of imprisonment.

Forgetting this, he felt comfort in his determination to kill the man who had threatened to kill him; the deed would be a strain on his nerves, but he would do it.

The problem which now faced Davidson was to ascertain at the earliest possible moment the place where the other was living. Their meeting had been purely by chance, and it would be futile to rely upon Evans's repeating his visit to Pietro's. It would also be dangerous to wait, for their next meeting might have a fatal termination.

Finally he decided upon advertising in the agony columns of the newspapers, pleading for a brief respite and for an interview. The meeting would take place if possible in his own rooms, and he would offer his enemy poisoned drink. If he refused to take it he would shoot him like a dog. So he despatched to each of the newspapers this notice:

"To A. E.—As you hope for mercy, grant the only request I shall ever make to you. See me once, only for a moment, before the end. R. D."

When he had despatched copies of this to the district messenger office and given instructions for the various letters to be delivered immeditely, he felt so much easier in his mind that his appetite for tobacco returned.

Hitherto he had been suffering from the sickness of fear, a malady so nearly akin to that of physical sickness that it puts a man off his smoke, but now he rejoiced to find that he wanted a cigar. He searched in the pocket of his overcoat for his case and in drawing it out brought with it a scrap of paper.

"Four days more—four brief days and then comes the end of the career of Redman Davidson. Enjoy, my friend, not the pain of suspense, but the greater pain of absolute certainty."

Such was the message inscribed on the paper, and once more fear swooped down and threw her black arms about him. How had the paper got there? It certainly was not there when he left the restaurant, for he had searched in his pocket for his gloves and must have seen it.

All idea of fighting Evans disappeared, and the mad impulse of headlong flight took its place. He snatched a Bradshaw from the bookcase, feverishly turned up the trains to Cornwall, and in another minute he was hurrying downstairs, still dressed in evening clothes, and carrying a portmanteau in which he had thrust a suit to be put on when opportunity offered.

The next three days passed peacefully, and the bracing air of Penzance put life in his blood and made the London terror seem but a bogey. The fourth was bright and sunny, and if he safely passed through it he would know that Evans was off the track.

For security he sat in his private room in the hotel, but after dinner he felt that the mental strain was too great for inactivity, and so as soon as the sun went down he climbed up the cliff and made his way along the side of Mounts Bay.

It was next morning that he and another were carried dead to the police mortuary.

Both were found on the beach below the cliff, Davidson's hands firmly locked about the other's ankles. It was supposed, and probably rightly, that the other man had pushed him over the cliff and that in falling Davidson had clutched his assailant and brought destruction to them both.

The chief mystery was as to the identity of the men. Davidson had given the name of Carter, but no one knew whence he came; the other man had never been seen before in the little town.

Why had they fought? Who were they? The local wise men shook their heads, because they did not like to admit their inability to answer the question.

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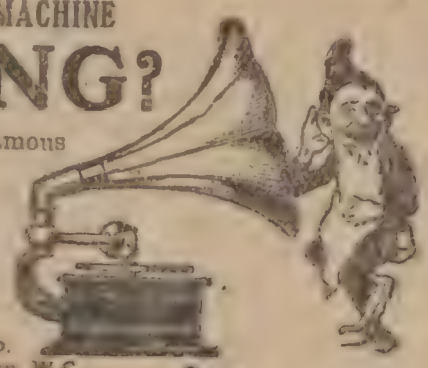

POP-IN-TAW

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All Europe knows no pastime more glorious than this!
The Priests and Sailors, Army Men, and Scions of the Law!
With Doctors and Musicians, cry "Hooray for POP-IN-TAW."

TO BE HAD EVERYWHERE.
PLAYED ANYWHERE.

BULL-PUSHING.

Out on the wide Atlantic, workin' my passage home.
—LAWRENCE.

Anybody can get engaged as a cattleman, or bull-pusher, on one of the boats that bring the property of the Beef Trust from America to England. If you simply want your passage, you work your way across, paying nothing and getting nothing, but if you are coming from America just for the sake of a cheap trip, you have to pay £1, which franks your return passage. This plan is much favoured by American undergraduates who want to have a novel holiday on economical lines.

I wonder whether there is anyone amongst the hundreds who have gone through the experience who would do so again for £100. For my part I would not.

I look back on my trip on that cattle boat as the most terrible experience of a chequered career. There were ten of us altogether. A foreman and his assistant, both paid, both idle and drunken; four American students; two Yankee toughs, a German who was working his passage home, and myself. We formed two gangs, the students being one, the toughs, the German and myself the other. The foreman and his helper did nothing but superintend and swear at us.

And they could swear!

You started at four o'clock in the morning and watered the cattle, every bucketful having to be carried from the tanks at the end of the cattle deck. Why no one ever thought of installing such a simple thing as a hosepipe I don't know.

This job took over two hours, and, long before you had finished, your trousers were wet with the spillings from the pails and your shirt was sticking to your skin with sweat.

At six o'clock, or whenever the watering is finished, you have breakfast. Our meals were usually prepared by the paid helper, because the job was an easy one; he could not have done it worse. The tea was greasy, the butter was rancid, so was the bacon, while the bread was stale. And yet two hours' hard work gave us such an appetite that we could stomach this uninviting meal.

Then came the toughest job, drawing the day's supply of grain and hay from the hold with blocks and tackle. There was one gang to each block, two stopping on deck to pull, and two standing in the hold to fix the trusses and bags to the hook.

I don't know which was the harder of the two jobs, pulling or loading, but I do know that after the first day the hands of the students, unaccustomed to such work, were blistered so badly that they could not hold a knife and fork with comfort.

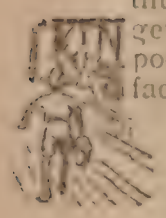
Getting out the fodder, cleaning and feeding the cattle with the grain, took us till noon. Then came dinner, greasier and more unpalatable than breakfast, and after that the cutting up and shaking out of the hay and once more the feeding of the beasts.

Our evenings were miserable. The cattle crew was kept quite separate from the ship's crew, and there was no amusement. We used to smoke for a bit and then stretch ourselves on the deck and sleep till morning; the bunks were so dirty that they nearly made one choke.

The two toughs were quarrelsome as also were the foreman and his helper. They made things unpleasant for the young Americans just at first till finally one of them knocked out some teeth for the biggest tough, and then things went more smoothly.

The place was bad enough at all times, but during a stormy night it was a perfect hell. The pitching of the ship assisted the cattle in breaking their ropes, and whoever was on the night watch had to go in amongst them and tie up the strays at the risk of being gored and kicked. The only wound I got was a tear in the fat of my thumb, but I was lucky. It was tough work getting the cattle off when we reached Liverpool, but I never did any task with greater satisfaction, for it was the last of our ordeal.

ROBERT MILNER.



AFTER THE RABBITS.

There is a passion for hunting something deeply implanted in the human breast.
—DICKENS.

Let them who like to poach pheasants do it. For my part I hold there is nothing like rabbits; you don't get a fancy price—only five shillings a dozen in our parts—but the quantity makes up for that.

There are lots of ways of catching rabbits. If you are doing it on a big scale, you work with a net, and there must be two of you, but it is better to have four. Most poachers twine the net round about their bodies and button a big loose jacket over it, but I prefer a silk net because you can wear it round your neck like a muffler, and in this way you leave the space beneath your coat for the storage of game. The net I made myself, and the silk for it cost me over a pound.

WHOLESALE POACHING.

To net rabbits wholesale you and your companions must get between them and their earths while they are out feeding. You must work so that the wind is blowing from them to you, and if it is in the wrong direction you must choose some other field where it will be right. In ten minutes you have the whole length of the net, anything from fifty yards upwards, properly staked out, with the top projecting over towards the rabbits.

Supposing there are four of you, you then divide into two couples, return to the sides of the field, and work your way up till you reach the other end. There you advance till there is about an equal distance between you, and then you walk sharply back towards the earths.

The rabbits hear you approaching and make for home, of course they dash into the net and bring it down upon them, and you may catch from a score to a couple of hundred. The best catch I ever had a hand in was 204.

When the rabbits are under the net, you again divide into two couples, and work from each end of it to the centre. You do not require a stick, neither do you knock the rabbits on the back of the neck with your hand. You just give a quick stretch something in the same way as you would kill a chicken, and work along as quickly as you can.

HARES NOT WELCOMED.

Sometimes you will be unlucky enough to get a hare in your net. I say unlucky because you were not aiming at hares, and, not being prepared for one, it will be squealing long before you can get up to despatch it. Nothing fetches the keepers so quickly as the squeal of a hare, and it can be heard far off.

Working on a big scale like what I have described, you must have a horse and cart to take away your catch, and it is not always easy to get it away in safety; the keepers prick up their ears when they hear the rumble of wheels anywhere near their ground during the night.

I remember once after a good night's work we loaded the rabbits into a spring cart which was waiting in a lane hard by. I don't know whether it was instinct, or whether he had heard something suspicious, but an old chap who was with us said he felt sure the keepers would have a look at that cart before it reached the town.

More to please him than because we thought there was any danger, we threw some bracken over the rabbits, and spread on top of it a thin layer of manure from a dunghill that was handy.

When we had done this we separated and the half-witted boy who was in charge of the cart drove off. He had to pass the keeper's cottage, and just when he got level with it out comes the keeper himself.

He walked right up to the back of the cart and looked in, for it was still some hours before dawn and he could not see without looking closely. He saw the manure, and luckily for us never thought of searching deeper, but allowed the boy to pass on.

Hand-netting is a game I like, though it is not so profitable as long-netting. With hand-nets you want some good ferrets and a reliable dog. The first thing is to get the rabbits into their earths, so you send your dog round the field where they are feeding and hustle them home. Then you slip up to the earths and stake a small net over the mouth of each hole, leaving enough loose to form a bag.

RABBITS AND SMOKING.

When everything is ready you slip in your ferrets, and out bolt the rabbits. You must be a pretty quick hand to kill each and have the net ready again if you are not going to miss a lot.

At this game you must never smoke. If you do, the rabbits smell it and will rather let the ferrets kill them than come out. The ferrets do not like smoke either and are apt to stay in. Smoking is apt to give the poacher away at other times, but if you use a pipe with a lid on it there is not much danger of the glow being seen by a prowling keeper.

Snaring rabbits seldom brings you much profit, but you can always get one or two this way for the pot. As everybody knows rabbits follow certain runs through the grass; I think it must be because here they have beaten down the grass, and so it is less likely to wet them when it is covered with dew. Anyhow they stick to these runs, and it is there that you set your snare.

All you need is a piece of brass wire about a foot long, tied like a noose and fixed at one end to a short stick, which you press into the ground with your heel. The right height for the snare to be off the ground is the length of your closed fist. Set like that, it catches the rabbit's head as it runs along, and immediately the coney feels itself caught it makes a dash and a spurt which strangles it.

WHAT A STORM DOES.

On a stormy night I am never content with half-a-dozen snares, but set a lot, for I always find that on a wild night the rabbits are most easily caught in this way. I think it must be because they get nervous and run about.

It is not wise to set a snare in the gap of a hedge, for if a rabbit finds itself caught in a hedge it will squat instead of bolting, and sometimes it will even back out and escape.

Hare netting used to be profitable. We stretched a net across a gate and then sent a dog through the field to chivvy the hare into it, but where hares are plentiful the keepers have now adopted a trick that makes hare netting difficult.

A hare that has once been netted is as nervous as can be of a net ever afterwards, so the keepers catch the hares on their ground wholesale with nets and set them free again; after that it is very difficult indeed for us to net these hares. We find the best plan now is snaring them in the same way as we do rabbits. WM. PAUL.

ENGLISH PLAYERS IN THE NORTH.

The managers of Scotch clubs have not been able to prevent their men from coming to the richer sister country, but they have replied by signing on many brilliant English players.

Dundee led the way by securing Jack Hillman, of Burnley. It was a principle of Scotch football at that time that no English player could come up to the native product, but Hillman very quickly knocked this belief on the head. Since those days Dundee has had quite a dozen Englishmen playing for it, chief among them being Dean, Lee, Neal, Dainty and Webb.

The Heart of Midlothian owe much to the Englishmen, Cox, Wombwell, Yates and Tomlinson; and the Hibernians to their importation of Harker from the Crystal Palace.

This national interchange is not in any way to be regretted, for both nations have something worth teaching, and by this intermixture of players there is no doubt that they greatly improve the standard of football.

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

THE GREAT BRAIN AND NERVE TONIC AND RESTORATIVE—SAFE AND SPEEDY.

A sustaining and life-giving element remarkable in its powers of curing and relieving all the Brain and Nervous Affections individually known as

Headache	Nervousness	Neurasthenia	Neuralgia	Hysteria
Insomnia or Sleeplessness	Irritability	Morbid Forebodings	Dizziness	Despondency or Depression and
Brain Fag	Nervous Palpitations	Faintness	Trembling	General Brain and
Lassitude	Nervous Indigestion	Melancholia	Restlessness	Nerve Exhaustion.
Vague Fears	Loss of Memory	Inability to Concentrate the Mind	Moroseness	
	Neuritis		Nervous Debility	

OF ALL CHEMISTS, STORES, &c., 1/1½, 2/6, 4/6.

WHY THE BRAIN AND NERVES NEED PHOSPHORUS.

THE Physiologist tells us that every man, woman and child, with all their peculiarities of form and heredity, is composed of so much of one element and so much of another, and that when any one constituent falls below the normal standard serious complications ensue.

Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus, whose chief seat or situation is in the Brain, is one of the most important elements contained in our bodies. Without Free Phosphorus there can be no thought, and very probably no life.

One thing is proved beyond doubt—that the degree of intellectual thought depends upon the amount of Free Phosphorus in the brain, and just as the Phosphorus is unduly wasted, so does the brain power weaken.

The action of Phosphorus in the human system may be briefly stated as the element of activity in the brain and nervous system. As the muscular and body structures require gelatine, fibrine, and earthy matter for their support and sustenance, so does the brain require the one element—Phosphorus—for its renewal and preservation. If the expenditure of nervous force exceeds its normal amount, the store of Phosphorus is diminished, and until its deficiency is made good vital action languishes; the brain and the whole of the bodily organs act with a waning vigour.

One of the ugliest features of our complex civilisation is the alarming prevalence of what is styled "Nervous breakdown."

Its causes are only too well known; but only recently has the full import of the part Free Phosphorus plays come to be recognised. The habits, occupation, incessant worry, late hours, and unnatural modes of living, which seem to follow civilisation, have the effect of depleting the human system of its necessary supply of Phosphorus.

The more immediate results are the loss of appetite, nausea, heartburn, flatulence, dizziness, sick headaches, failure of physical and mental vigour, sleeplessness, distressing sense of weight and fulness in the stomach, all of which are known as dyspepsia and liver complaints.

FREE PHOSPHORUS, IT IS THUS SHOWN, MUST BE THE SAVING AGENT—NO OTHER MEANS IS POSSIBLE. THIS ONE ELEMENT MUST BE REPLACED.

The Physician's usual order to abstain from business, to get away from all sources of worry, rarely accomplishes what it is intended to do, as thousands know only too well; and again, few are in such a position that their means, their business, or other ties will allow of a lengthened relaxation.

Previous to the introduction by the late Dr. Samuel Birley of an improved process of manufacture, there were serious difficulties in the way of administering Phosphorus so that it would remain in perfect solution in the system, and reach the brain and nerve tissues that alone were in need of it. Himself convinced of the absolute necessity of Phosphorus for the human system, he experimented in every possible way—in the various forms hitherto known to medical science; but he found, in common with others, that the Phosphorus prepared in these forms was not under perfect control. It did not assimilate satisfactorily, and had many drawbacks. His exhaustive experiments ultimately resulted in a discovery—one that rendered the Phosphorus easy of manipulation, and such that the human system would greedily take up. It was rendered absolutely soluble in the blood, and was perfectly satisfactory in its effects in every way. It could pass into the circulation, and enter into the composition of the brain and nervous system.

Cases of every class have been treated with this new form of Phosphorus. The prematurely old, the worn and exhausted, the nervous and miserable in every position in life, have been gradually restored to a most vigorous and perfectly healthy state. From a lean and cadaverous condition they have become full in flesh, the countenance clear and ruddy, the eyes bright, the step and gait again elastic and determined, the spirits high and generous, the temper cheerful, the brain again active, perception quick, memory tenacious, and the whole system and character changed from the most pitiable condition to the highest state of existence.

The preparation which has repeatedly produced such results as those above described is known as Dr. Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus.

WEEK'S SUPPLY. FREE WEEK'S SUPPLY.

The Proprietors offer a Bottle Gratis to every person who has not hitherto tried Dr. Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus, on the condition that they will under no circumstances make a second application for such.

The Trial Bottle we offer is a generous sized one, and contains a week's supply. We charge nothing whatever for the sample itself, but, as it weighs over half a pound (packed), it costs 3d. to send by parcel post, and we ask you to stand this small item of expense. No charge if called for.

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers—

GORDON, MURRAY & CO., Ltd.,

10, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.

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10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.

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Signature and Address .....

D.X.2. .....

.....

These Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

A dandy in his day.

DANCING PUMPS.

Half the fun of a dance depends on your shoes. If they are uncomfortable and keep your attention fixed on your feet, you can't concentrate your thoughts on your beautiful partner as you would like to do.

Why should I hesitate to broach the subject? I am writing only for my fellow men and I do not suppose that any feminine eye will scan this paragraph. Let me therefore out with it bluntly: some of us have corns.

If you are one of the number, you will have discovered that your unharvestable crop is never so painful as when you are wearing dancing shoes; in fact, I know several men who have given up dancing for this reason. To all such let me give the straight tip. It is simply that you must not have your pumps made of patent leather but of glacé kid. I admit that the latter never looks so smart as the patent, but what is the odds, if it enables you to have your fling in comfort?

LACE OR SLIP-ON.

Personally I don't like lace-up pumps, because the laces have a nasty trick of coming undone. I much prefer the slip-on type of shoe, but in its purchase you must be cautious.

If you buy it too small, it hurts. If you get it too big, it is liable to come off at the most inopportune moment, and it takes a very old hand with a lot of nerve to go hunting about a ballroom in his socks for a lost shoe, without blushing a rosy red and feeling an ass.

Let the slip-on shoe just fit, and see that the heel does not slide up and down when you walk in it.

Another little caution. Make sure you get value for your money. You can buy dancing pumps very, very cheap, but they are made of American cloth and not of leather; consequently they are all cracks after one wearing. Don't have that sort. Go a bit better, and pay the price of genuine patent leather, but insist that the bootmaker guarantees them as such.

In putting on a pair of dancing pumps be careful not to break down the stiffening at the back of the heel. The comfort of a shoe depends on the cut of the heel, and it must be well treated.

THE LAUNDRY QUESTION.

The man who takes pride in his personal appearance has to face a fairly large laundry bill at the end of each week. Not only does he use more shirts and collars than other people, but his nicety in outward appearance is reflected in his underwear also, and it he wears for a much shorter time than is usual.

I know but one effective way of reducing laundry expenses, and that is to have arrangements made whereby everything except fine linen is washed at home. Not only does this save expense, but it also adds to the life of the things washed.

If you are in lodgings you can come to an agreement with your landlady in this matter; if you are living at home it can be arranged with even more facility.

Woollen underwear is always fresher when washed at home. Handkerchiefs too seem to smell sweeter. The laundry remains paramount in the matter of collars and shirts with stiff cuffs, and it will, of course, be necessary to continue sending them these.

BRITISH OR FOREIGN.

It is worth while to find out exactly how your laundry washes your clothes.

The best laundries guarantee that nothing except water, soap and soda are used, and if the place you patronise refuses to give you such a guarantee, you should have nothing further to do with it.

Muriatic acid and other chemicals are frequently used in badly managed laundries, to the detriment both of the clothes and the health of the wearer.

I know several men who send their linen to Ireland to be washed, and some even post it to France. They assert that, though they have to pay the cost of carriage, the rates are so much cheaper, and the wear and tear so much less, that they are more than reimbursed.

CONTRACT OUTFITTING.

Several London tailors are now supplying their customers with clothes on the contract system. For £20 a year they will give you

One dress suit,
One lounge suit,
One flannel suit,
One morning-coat suit,
One frock-coat suit,
One winter overcoat,
One summer overcoat.

Such is the list they generally issue, but they are prepared to modify it to suit their customers' tastes. And it wants modification badly.

A man who can afford only one lounge suit in a year does not need a dress suit every season, nor does he require a new overcoat every winter. Neither does he want to be the possessor of a frock-coat suit at all, for the frock-coat has been ousted by the morning coat, and is now becoming the badge of the doctor and the shopwalker; the tailors want us to stick to it, but fashion says "No."

I would suggest that a more useful £20 contract list for the average man would be:

One spring lounge suit,
One summer lounge suit,
One autumn lounge suit,
One flannel suit,
One morning-coat suit,
One overcoat,
One evening dress suit every second year.

One year he would have a light-weight overcoat, and the next a heavy one.

The arrangement is an extremely useful one for those men who desire to limit the amount of their tailor's annual bill. Here you know exactly what you are doing, and in that respect I should think it would be satisfactory to the trade as well as to the public.

A Manchester firm recently wrote to me offering to supply me plentifully with underwear, gloves, ties, handkerchiefs, shirts and hosiery, on similar terms.

The chief drawback to buying haberdashery by contract is, it seems to me, that one is deprived of the pleasures of selecting. It cannot be denied that there is a distinct joy in making a purchase, and in planning out what you require. The contractor relieves you of the trouble, but also deprives you of gratifying this simple and delightful taste.

HUNTING STOCKS.

I am much obliged to a correspondent for giving me a simple, but most useful, hint in the matter of tying hunting stocks.

I tried his little wheeze the other day and can recommend it as excellent.

It is simply this: in tying a stock, don't take any notice of the slit at the back. Pass one section of the tie over the other, instead of through it. You will then find that, when you bring the ends of the tie round to the front, one part is securely fixed beneath the collar section, and consequently it prevents the front part from riding up. The other side can be fixed down to the shirt with a safety pin.

I spent a hard day in the saddle with a tie so fixed and found it as trim when I came home as when I started.

WATERPROOFING BOOTS.

The slight trouble entailed in waterproofing your boots is well repaid by subsequent immunity from damp feet and colds. I shall give you, my reader, several useful tips; you can choose the one which appears to you the most convenient.

Stockholm tar thinned with turpentine may be applied to the soles and the top of the welts and allowed to sink in. This is one of the most effective waterproof dressings I know of. I have walked ten miles through the wet with boots so dressed, and within an hour of my return to the house I have had them polished as brightly as ever. With this tar dressing the water cannot sink in, and it does not in any way damage the leather. I ought to mention that if you have ever greased the soles of your boots they must be washed before the tar is applied, as otherwise the grease would prevent it from sinking in.

Another effective method is to make a mixture of beeswax and vaseline. When rubbed well into the soles, this will be almost as effective as the tar.

The third plan is applicable to black boots only. It is to stand them for a day in linseed oil so that the oil covers the welt. After this treatment it is a little difficult to get the right polish on them just at first, but with perseverance they will assume their former shininess. With brown boots the oil would, of course, stain the leather hopelessly.

CUFF RENEWING.

You have doubtless noticed how the cuffs of your shirt are the first parts to go. Often the garment is quite serviceable in all other respects, but you discard it because of this defect.

Don't.

You can have new cuffs fitted for about eighteenpence, and, if the shirt is good, it is worth the money.

Your outfitter will get the new cuffs sewn on for you, and they will give the shirt a second lease of life.

If the shirt has been made to measure, his task will be easy, because he will have the stuff in stock; if not, he can get the same, or a very near approach to it.

FANCY DRESS.

There are two ways of rigging oneself out for a fancy dress ball. One is to place oneself in the hands of a theatrical costumier and allow him to work the trick; the other is to design, and with the help of one's women folk to manufacture, the dress at home. The latter course is unquestionably the more entertaining.

The main thing in choosing a fancy dress is to get something which will not be hopelessly duplicated. Monks, Pierrots, Cavaliers and Mephistopheles are a glut on every fancy dress market.

To attain novelty you must select something which is generally unthought of. It is astonishing how seldom one finds Greek or Roman characters represented at a fancy dress ball, at least among the male dancers; yet nothing could be more dignified than the costume of a Roman senator.

Military uniforms may be regarded as full dress, but the Army authorities have decreed that they are not to be used as fancy dress, a warning which may be useful to my Territorial readers. There is no interdict, however, against wearing an out-of-date or a foreign uniform. Many of these are as becoming as anyone could wish for, being not only brilliant but suitable for dancing in.

Those of my readers to whom such characters as Red Indians, Egyptians and other people of tawny hue appeal, should be careful to see to it that they stain their arms with some pigment that will not come off on the ladies' dresses.

Ordinary grease paint is out of the question. One must use some stain such as permanganate of potash, the only fault of which is that it is difficult to get off when you come to have your final clean up.

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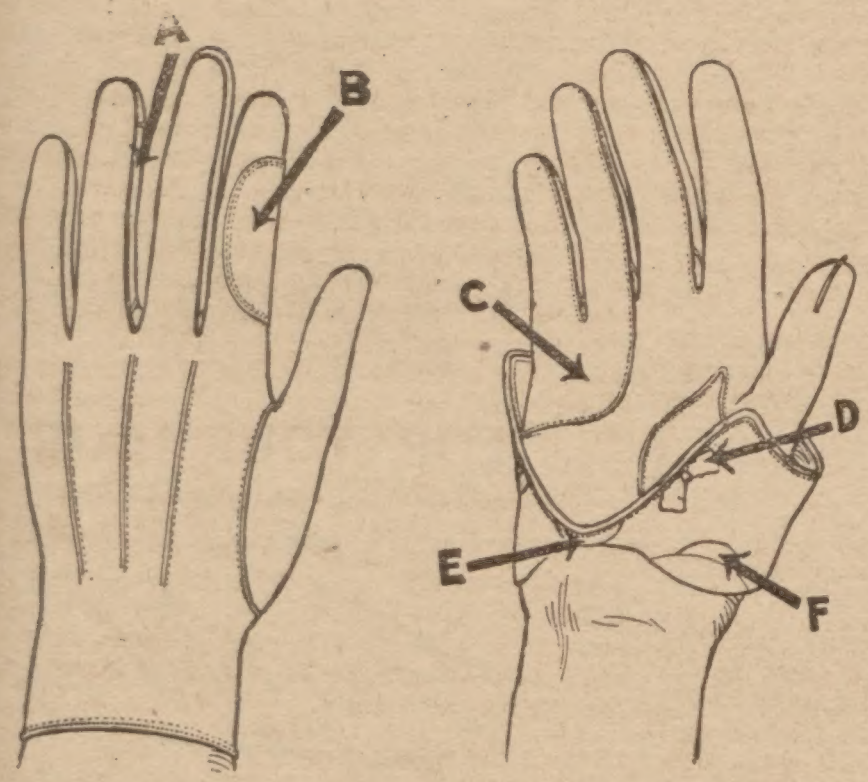
THE SPORTING TOUCH

3/6



Note the Strappings on these Gloves; they are at once sportsman-like, unique, and attractive.

Why You Want Them.

A man who is full of life and who is devoted to sport, likes to have about his appearance just some little touch that proclaims him a sportsman. He will have nothing vulgar or loud, but he must have something to remind him of his recreations.

What you have been looking for is a pair of SHIRE DRIVING GLOVES. They are strapped in exactly the right places if you are going to use them for actual driving or riding; and yet they are unlike other driving gloves, for they are in no sense clumsy looking, and are exactly the gloves that a gentleman may wear at all times except with a frock coat or an evening dress suit.

They make ideal gloves for cold weather wear, and they are as much superior to ordinary gloves as a pair of strapped breeches are to a pair of common knickers.

They are made of the finest cape, and it is absolutely impossible to buy anything like them in the shops. They are our own exclusive design, and have many unique improvements. It is because we deal in such large quantities that we can sell them at **3/6**, which is what you pay in any shop for gloves with no distinction.

LOOK AT THE DIAGRAM.

A and B.—These are additional strappings to withstand the friction of the reins. C.—This strapping is useful when you assist your left hand with your right in dealing with the reins. D.—The buttons are fixed on with leather instead of tape; they are thus much stronger. E.—This patch on the inside of the glove prevents you from tearing the stitching when you pull the glove on carelessly. F—This is another strengthening patch, which does not show on the outside.

We guarantee that the gloves will satisfy you. If you don't like them, send them back (unworn) and we shall at once return the 3/6. But you won't return them, for they will please you greatly.

Order at once, stating your size, and enclosing a crossed postal order for **3/6**. Mention the "Modern Man." If the gloves are to be actually used for driving, we recommend you to select a quarter-size larger than you are in the habit of wearing, as this gives full freedom.

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These Gloves can be obtained only from
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Course on Voice Training, Singing and Solfeggio. Course on the Pianoforte. Course on the Violin. (By Wm. Daly. Positions Illustrated by Diagrams and Photographs specially made for this work.) Course on Harmonium and American Organ. Course on the Organ. Lessons on Scientific Basis of Music. Lessons on Rudiments of Music. Course on Harmony and Counterpoint. Lessons in Canon and Fugue. Lessons in Musical Forms, Musical Analysis, and Composition. Dictionary of Musical Terms. Articles on the Instruments used in Orchestras and in Military Bands. History of Music. Biographical Dictionary of Musicians. Articles on Children's Music and Musical Drill. Article on Choir Training and Conducting. Article on Congregational Music. Article on Musical Degrees and Education. Article on Nationality in Music.

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Mr. GEO. R. SIMS

TELLS THE STORY OF HIS GREAT DISCOVERY,
THE RENOWNED HAIR RENEWER,

Tatcho

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"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished.

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FOR YOUR HAIR.

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me.

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Jessie Sykes

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E. Perry
Colonel

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A. Bacot-Chester

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Lady Collins

WHAT "TATCHO" WILL DO.

Do not women of every nation desire to have hair like an English Woman's? Her hair is her chief adornment, but hair to be nice must be nicely treated. Hair must be stimulated to live. Our grandmothers, and even our mothers, knew this so well that hair-brushing was one of the most important features of their toilet. If this attention cannot be given, recourse must be had to a stimulant, and as a stimulant for the hair there is none so safe and so effective as the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

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It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

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M. M.

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